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1/8 PER PKT. AT ALL CHEMISTS

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BLAIR MATTHEWS walked into the control-room of Studio A and glanced through the glass partition towards the microphone. She hadn't arrived. He leaned against the wall and lit a cigarette.

Johnny, the station disc jockey, was talking to the engineer by the control panel. He looked up at Blair. "You can set your watch by that girl. She'll be here at four minutes to six."

Blair nodded. He watched the slow sweep of the pointer on the control-room clock. Another minute.

"Mr. Matthews, do I have to play a classics album this week? My public is complainin' that I'm going long-hair." Johnny patted his hair indignantly.

"Afraid so, Johnny. We're still getting requests for it."

At 5.56 the door opened and Paula Gibson stepped to the broadcast table. She wore a neat tweed suit. The three men in the control-room watched her remove her gloves and lay them precisely beside her script. She turned her wide eyes towards the glass partition.

She knows I'm here watching her, Blair thought. She knows, but she'd never admit it mattered.

The engineer raised his arm and whipped it towards the table where she sat. Her voice came into the room: "This is Paula Gibson . . ."

Blair was waiting in the hall when she left the studio. "Nice broadcast, Paula."

"Thanks, Blair." She began pulling on her gloves to leave. It was a disconcerting device which made a casual approach impossible.

"Have dinner with me to-night," he said.

"Sorry. This is Thursday."

"I see. What is it this time, Paula?"

"Thursdays I cook steak and onions for Dad."

"Paula . . ."

"Yes?"

"I'd like to meet your father. And I'm a steak fan, too."

"You're wasting an awful lot of time, Blair. I've told you it's no dice."

"I'm not asking you to marry me this time. I'm inviting myself home for dinner."

"I don't think you'd enjoy it. There's just the two of us and Dad's a little crusty——"

Honest Paula. Forthright Paula. Making excuses, evading, fighting against the thing she wanted because for some reason she didn't want herself to have it. Her troubled eyes made him feel guilty.

"Hey, don't look so unhappy." He squeezed her elbow and smiled. "I'll see you to-morrow." He started down the hall towards his office.

"Blair!" He heard the quick tap of her heels behind him and turned.

"I would like you to come for dinner, Blair. I—I mean, Dad would enjoy meeting you, talking with you. Please. Get your coat and hat."

Blair followed her out of the city in his own car. He had time to recall what he knew about her father.

As a young prospector Hollister Gibson had made a rich strike of copper years ago. He had worked until he had as much money as he wanted. He sold out then and sat back, amused at other men who were caught up in the game and couldn't let go.

Blair wondered if Hollister Gibson, alone now, was trying to keep Paula with him. Perhaps to-night he would find an explanation for Paula's behaviour.

The highway from the city was cut from the face of the cliffs, with the sea on the right and the wild bush climbing the mountain slopes on the left. The Gibson home was a large but unpretentious country house set among pine and cypress trees.

Paula called to her father when they entered the wide living-room.

RING SHY

by Hal Masson and Richard Stroup

"Holly, we have a dinner guest."

"Why?" a leathery voice demanded. He came to the door, a craggy face, belligerent blue eyes, undisciplined grey hair. A soiled rag hung from his fingers. A tall English setter stood beside him.

"This is Mr. Matthews, our programme director, Holly."

"Don't blame her, Mr. Gibson. She doesn't want me any more than you do." Blair smiled and walked towards the old man.

Gibson wiped his fingers, not too carefully, on the rag and grunted; he looked at Blair's hand, then gripped it in his own. He turned to Paula. "What did you bring him for? There's never enough steak for two of us."

"That's because you eat too much, Holly. Anyway, he's going to stay. You'll have to entertain him while I get dinner. Hi, India." She snapped her fingers at the setter on her way to the kitchen.

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Paula walked beside Blair through the bush, happier than she had been for days.

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FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES

Ring Shy

Continued from page 3

THE old man regarded Blair distastefully. Blair grinned at him. "I'm an inoffensive person, Mr. Gibson."

"Well, you're here. I suppose you might as well stay. Sit down."

Paula called from the kitchen, "You'll have to clear up this mess on the table. Why can't you clean your guns in the den?"

Gibson went grumbling to the kitchen and came back loaded with an assortment of half-assembled shotguns, cleaning rods, and dirty rags.

He disappeared into his den and reappeared a moment later with a pint bottle in his hand. "Want a drink?"

"Yes. Sure."

Gibson pushed a low table closer to Blair's chair with his foot, sat heavily in another chair and set the bottle between them. "Help yourself."

Blair picked up the bottle and examined the label.

"What's the matter—too strong for you? We've got ginger ale."

"I think I can handle this," Blair said. He was tipping the bottle to his mouth when Paula came in from the kitchen.

"We have glasses, Dad. And ice cubes. And soda."

"I didn't offer him glasses and ice cubes and soda! I offered him a drink. If he wants to spoil his liquor he can use cookin' whisky from the kitchen."

"Dad," she said ominously, "the doctor said no more straight whisky for you." She returned to the kitchen.

When she came back with the tray Gibson was saying, "The doctor — always the doctor. I never had a hangover till I started meddling with soda."

"Maybe they used to make better whisky," Blair suggested.

"Made better men, too. These pasty-faced young galoots that come around here nowadays—they can't hold their liquor; they can't hold their women. Like this young fella that was engaged to Paula—"

"That's ancient history, Holly," Paula interrupted irritably. She handed him his glass. "We don't want to hear it."

Blair watched her. The quick hostility was more revealing than the plausible career talk with which she had evaded him before. He made a mental note to steer in this direction again. He sampled his drink and noticed that the setter was standing beside his chair. He dropped his hand and combed the silky white hair with his fingers.

"Likes you," Gibson admitted reluctantly. "She doesn't like many people."

"She hunt?" Blair asked. It was a casual question, but he noticed that Paula, who was lighting a cigarette, looked quickly over the top of the flame at her father.

Gibson unwrapped a cigar, pared the end of it with a penknife, lighted it, and puffed deliberately. He dropped his right arm beside his chair, and India walked over, nuzzled his hand, and lay down with her head across his foot.

Then, just when it seemed that he did not intend to answer, Gibson said quietly, very softly, "Best dog I ever had."

Blair understood the slight overtone of defiance. The pitting of an old gunshot wound had arrested his fingers under the dog's hair. He set his glass carefully on the table and studied the old man's eyes. "Gun-shy," he said.

Paula got up and went to the kitchen.

"Yes. Gun-shy," Gibson replied. Then, with a sudden quickening of interest, "How'd you know?"

"I can see it in her eyes. And in yours. She has gunshot wounds. How did it happen?"

Gibson regarded him with a look of appraisal, and when the story came Blair knew that the man was going to become a friend.

He told Blair he had fallen in the bush the season before. His gun had gone off and some of the shot had caught India's rump. The fall broke Gibson's leg. He commanded the dog to go home and the injured setter had dragged herself two miles into camp and had come all the way back with help.

"The vet. dug the shot out of her, but she still trembles at the sight of a gun. I've tried to break her but it's no use." He cupped the dog's jaw in his fingers and looked into the intelligent face.

"That's strange," Blair said. "I've never seen a setter yet that couldn't be cured."

"You've done it yourself?"

Blair nodded.

"Maybe you could do something with India. You taken a holiday yet this year?" Gibson asked unexpectedly.

Blair was surprised. "No. Not yet."

"Do any hunting?"

"Yes, when I can get away."

Paula stuck her head in the door. "Come on, you two. Dinner's ready."

They sat down, Gibson at the head of the table, Paula and Blair facing each other at the sides. There was something different about Paula, Blair decided. Her loveliness had new appeal in the subdued setting of a home.

Gibson chewed thoughtfully and ignored Paula's warning about eating too much. Suddenly he blurted, "Well, you going hunting?"

> ***"The English invented parliamentary government to give their natural hesitations the majesty of law."***
> **—Jules Romains, in "Seven Mysteries of Europe."**

"Hunting?" Blair asked.

"Yes. With me. Next week. During your holiday. We've got a big extra bedroom here and I have two more hunters in the kennel. Not as good as India used to be, but dogs. We can get away at 4.30 every morning, walk up to Lancer Lake, and get our limit of quail by noon."

"What have you two been cooking up?" Paula asked quickly.

"We're going hunting," said Gibson. "I've been hunting alone too long; here's a man knows something about it, so he's coming up for the opening of the season."

"He won't want to spend his holiday up here, Holly," Paula said, "away from his friends——"

"Man who likes to hunt likes to spend his holiday hunting," Gibson insisted.

"But, Dad——"

"Look, you two, don't I get a say in this?" Blair asked. "I'm accepting the invitation."

"No," Paula said.

"Yes," Blair said.

"That's fine," Gibson said. "It's all set."

On Monday when Blair arrived, Paula was fastidiously polite—she hoped he would enjoy his stay.

Blair and Gibson spent the mornings hunting, trudging through the early dawn to the lake in the hills and coming back at noon. Paula had usually left for the studio by that time; Blair saw very little of her.

Usually at lunch Gibson would say, with transparent bravado, "I could go for another hike this afternoon," and Blair would protest obligingly, "Not for me, thanks. I'd like to work a while with India."

He noticed with amusement that Gibson invariably spent the afternoons in a deck chair on the verandah. Nothing wakened him until Paula dragged him, protesting, to dinner.

Their evenings were short; both Blair and Gibson were in bed by nine o'clock. After dinner Blair always offered to help with the dishes and each time Paula refused — she could manage.

But Blair took a dish towel and helped anyway, half enjoying her elaborate civility—"Oh, that's all right; it was cracked anyway. Thank you very much, Blair. You've been a great help."

And once, when she was holding her best platter in soapy fingers, he kissed her on the back of the neck. She froze in an attitude of indignation and spoiled his game by saying nothing.

"Paula, if you weren't in love with me, you wouldn't have to be so defensive. You're pretending."

She set the platter down, dried her hands, and left the kitchen without looking at him. Blair heard her footsteps, deliberate at first, then running as she neared her room. He finished the dishes alone.

Later he sat in his room reading until midnight. He went to the window and noticed that the light in her room was still on. He stood there until the night coldness made him shiver. Was she awake and thinking of him? He considered going down the hall and knocking on her door, but decided against it and went to bed.

For two days Blair gave his attention to winning India's confidence. On the third day he kept the dog in a kennel without food. That evening he placed a bowl of food some distance from the kennel and asked Paula to release her after he had stationed himself a hundred yards away with a shotgun. Gibson watched anxiously from the verandah.

When India was comfortably eating, Blair discharged the shotgun into the air. She howled, terrified, and went streaking back into her kennel. Blair locked her in and joined the others at the house.

"When she's hungry she'll stay and eat."

"It seems awfully cruel," Paula said.

Blair looked at her quickly. "She's afraid, Paula. It's justified if it frees her of that."

She turned from him and put her hand affectionately on her father's shoulder. "I'm going to my room to read, Dad. Good-night."

That night before he went to sleep Blair heard India whimpering softly in her kennel.

He repeated the performance the following evening; again she left her food and fled. The hungry dog howled until long after midnight. It seemed that Blair would never get to sleep.

Suddenly she stopped. At first Blair thought only how welcome the silence was; then he began to discern other sounds, soft snuffling and the screak of wood on wood.

Alert, he threw back the covers and went to the window. The kennels were directly below. And Hollister Gibson was standing outside the kennel door in wrinkled pyjamas, bare feet spread wide in the moonlight. Blair hurried softly downstairs and stepped outside. He was waiting when the old man came towards him, an empty tin basin in his hand.

"Doctor Livingstone, I presume," Blair said.

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Suppose you meet him

By . . .
MARGARET BONHAM

Was she awake or dreaming? Who was the strange young man sitting opposite her?

AFTER she had written and typed the long story that she had been working on, Emilia felt stale and flat, like a punctured balloon. She could not get down to work again. She inscribed notes and plots in her notebook, but she couldn't start writing. The story she had just finished still hung around in her mind.

It was about a rather unpleasant young man called Adam Morrowailes. He had started by being quite dull but had come to life in a disquieting way, which is something that does occasionally happen with the characters a writer creates.

Emilia felt towards Adam Morrowailes like someone who has had a long personal feud with an acquaintance and is conscious of having been vanquished.

Though it was her story, she could not help feeling Adam Morrowailes had had a hand in it; in the end he had turned out to be quite different from the character she had meant him to be. He took far too much interest in other women besides the heroine.

About halfway through she had realised that Adam Morrowailes was entirely the wrong name for a person of his nature, but by then she could not possibly think of him as anything else. The name Adam Morrowailes had come to her in the middle of the night and she had switched on the light and written it down, thinking nobody real could possibly be called that.

As soon as she heard that the story had been sold, Emilia did some addition and subtraction and came to the conclusion she could afford a holiday. It's what I need, she said to herself; when I get back I'll work really hard.

She sat down in a chair with her eyes shut to find out where her subconscious would suggest going. After one or two blurred flashes of mountain goats and palm trees her mind threw up an inviting picture of the Champs Elysees. In the picture the sun was shining, warm and golden, while London was cold and dark under a sky the color of mackerel.

Emilia went out and promptly bought a ticket to Paris.

She rang up her mother in the country to say she wouldn't be down for the next week-end or two. Her mother, distant and plaintive, said, "Darling, Paris? By yourself?"

"Naturally by myself."

Emilia's mother wailed and clucked; she was concerned less about the possibility of illicit liaisons than about Emilia's solitary life, which seemed to her eccentric if not positively mad.

She said, "It's not natural at all. By the time I was thirty I had three babies."

"Well, I'm not thirty," said Emilia. "I'm not even twenty-six."

"I know, darling," said her mother, "but . . ."

"The fact is," said Emilia, "I haven't even met anyone I want to marry; besides, I like being by myself."

"Nonsense," said Emilia's mother brusquely. "When I was married —"

Emilia drew a fat baby on the phone book; she added wings and a moustache. "I'll write and let you know what hotel I'm staying at . . . Yes . . . No, I promise I won't . . . No . . . Yes, but I must ring off, mother. Good-bye."

The Channel crossing was rough but Emilia was a good sailor. If the boat had been cold, Paris was colder still. The air like a refrigerated knife cut away her breath when she emerged from her hotel.

Her subconscious had been out of season; the leafless trees, the bleached statuary, the curving roofs like mussel shells soared in a frozen calm.

Emilia found herself setting out to walk to the Etoile, telling herself she would stay out of doors till half-past three at least. But it was no good. She was passing a sad Frenchman with a lugubrious little dog when suddenly her teeth began to chatter.

Emilia decided to take the next train to the Riviera.

Though the hotel porter was helpful, difficulties arose; it was now too late to book a seat for the night express. Then she would go third class, which was unreserved.

"Third class?" said the porter, glancing at her doubtfully. "It is a journey very long and fatiguing." Emilia shut her eyes and conjured up a map of France; it did not look a very large country. If the French can take it, I can, she said to herself. I will buy some sleeping tablets to be on the safe side.

Emilia thought it would be nice to go to sleep as soon as the train started, so at eight o'clock she took one sleeping pill, which was the recommended dose, and a second to make sure.

She reached the station at eight-fifteen, fought her way through the crowd and found a seat. She put her luggage on the rack, folded her coat for a cushion on the bare seat, sat down and went to sleep.

French trains leave less room for the legs and knees than most others, so getting in and out of a crowded compartment involves a sort of obstacle race.

Passengers trod on Emilia's feet, struck her with pieces of luggage, but still she slept, half-rousing at the severer blows and sinking back into an angular and unrestful coma. Sometimes she swam far enough up into consciousness to feel pleased with herself for being able to sleep in such discomfort.

The train ran swaying and speeding out of Paris into the darker night, to the south. Emilia began to dream. She dreamed very vividly of Adam Morrowailes.

His dark aquiline face, the features she had so accurately described, stared at her and leered. In her dream she disliked him very much and she would have liked to run away from him; but in her dream there was a wooden collar around her neck and she was chained to a post. Emilia jerked at it and it fell over and she fell with it.

She woke, straightened up and looked blearily round the compartment. The other passengers all seemed to have the odd features of people in a dream.

But then Emilia realised that she must still be asleep; she had no more than dreamed of waking up. She glared distastefully at Adam Morrowailes' face, which still loomed against the back of the seat opposite her.

The face had stopped leering; it produced, and discarded, a faint apologetic smile. At this point Emilia became aware that she had been right after all; she was indeed awake.

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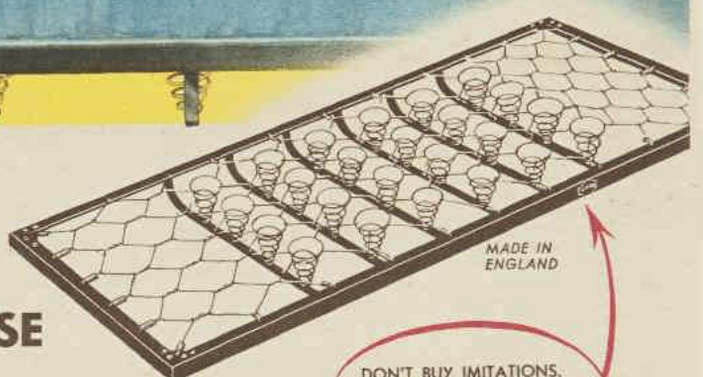

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Mrs. Druitt halted in the doorway, staring at Elizabeth, her face white. "I can't find it anywhere," she gasped.

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

PART FIVE OF A SEVEN-PART SERIAL

By Margot Neville

WHEN attractive ENONE McGRATH is murdered near the home of her guardian, VIO THOMAS, at Come-hither Bend, suspicion points to practically all her associates.

She had broken up the romance of ELIZABETH ROWAN and TED FANSHAWE, and quarrelled with NANCY PHILLIPSON, with whom she shared a city flat. ATHOL BOYD, artist, stood to lose heavily by her approaching marriage to KENNETH SYMONDS. She persistently ran up debts with MR. and MRS. DRUITT, local storekeepers.

Others involved include PETER and BRIGID CONNELL and Vio's houseman, HARRY. INSPECTOR GROGAN and SERGEANT MANNING are in charge of investigations.

Features of the case include the absence of make-up from Enone's handbag; Ted's gift of a compact to Enone; and Elizabeth's surreptitious visit to Enone's flat to collect some letters the morning after the murder. In Athol's studio, some days later, Elizabeth's attention is caught by something on the floor.

Now read on:

ELIZABETH looked closer to make sure, and yet was afraid to take the object up in her hand. That smooth surface would show a fingerprint. With the tip of her finger she rolled it round.

There wasn't any doubt about it. It was a brand-new Lorette lipstick with the tiny label on the end—Toreador.

Enone's lipstick here in Athol's room! The missing one which for one mad moment on Saturday evening had seemed to be in Brigid's hand, being smoothed over Brigid's soft, full lips. It had been pure chance, of course, that Peter had hit on the same make and shade when he had wanted to bring her home a little present.

But how had Enone's lipstick got here?

Perhaps the explanation was simple. Perhaps Enone had come in here from the bus looking for Kenneth and found nobody, painted her lips at Athol's mirror, and dropped the lipstick without noticing? But why, then, on leaving the studio, would she have walked back up the road in the direction of the bus stop from which she had just come, instead of continuing round the bend towards home?

No, all of that didn't make sense. She couldn't see Enone coming here alone.

Then had someone come in here with her, struck her that fatal blow, and carried her body to the rock below the road? Athol had said he was at home all the evening. But so had Kenneth said that, which Athol now threw doubt on.

Oh, the agony of it all! Instead of lessening in menace with each day, it grew and grew.

Athol's returning step sounded on the flagstones just outside.

Swiftly she pushed the couch back into place and sat down on it. A sense of danger quite new to her swept over her, making her heart thump and her hands tremble. But when he stepped through the doorway she was quietly smoothing back her hair and fixing the comb in it.

He said buoyantly: "This'll put life into us," and slid ice into two gins and handed her hers.

He lifted his own. "Here's luck, darling."

"Luck," she echoed feebly, taking a long drink.

When she got home just before lunch, she went into Brigid's bedroom and over to her dressing-table. Shrinkingly, she lifted the lid of the trinket box. She was becoming a spy! A spy without courage or skill.

Inside the box there were three lipsticks. None of them was Lorette's Toreador.

Afraid to search further, she dropped back the lid and hurried out of the room.

That same evening, Kenneth broke his usual custom of only spending week-ends at Come-hither Bend. Driving back from town at six-thirty, he had dropped in at the Connells' and asked them all to go over and eat with him.

They found when they got there that he had gathered in Vio and Harry.

Peter had come home, too, though Monday rarely saw him there. This morning as he had sat in the car waiting for Ted to come out, Brigid had asked him to return this evening.

"All right, if I can manage it." He had leant over and kissed her grateful, glowing face.

Now Kenneth had vanished into the kitchen, leaving his guests—grown strangely ill-assorted since the murder—dotted around the somewhat bleak drawing-room.

Standing at a bookcase, Harry turned over the pages of a volume of Rembrandt's etchings; Nancy, elbows on knees, sat forward looking at the carpet, smoking, and brooding; Vio talked dutifully to Peter. Women must entertain men, and there were set subjects—his work, gardens, and library books.

Presently, the sound of a car outside took Elizabeth into the hall. Ted was getting out of his car at the porch. She turned to go back, but he saw her, slammed the door, and ran up the steps.

He said, coming towards her: "I couldn't stay away. Your place was empty. I guessed you'd be here."

"I asked you not to try to see me again." She felt as cold as her words sounded.

"I know you did, but I'm afraid I'm not guaranteed quite so docile."

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MICHEL MASCARA in Black or Brown brings out the beauty of your eyes and also '*Stays on Longer*' . . 5/6

MICHEL HAND LOTION deliciously perfumed and with a beautiful pearl texture, makes your hands appealingly feminine 3/11

MICHEL ROUGE '*Stays on Longer*.' Your choice of RASPBERRY to team with Michel lipsticks Raspberry, Cherry, Amapola and Mariposa. CYCLAMEN with Cyclamen, Raspberry, Pink Spice and Vivid. PINK SPICE with Pink Spice, Cyclamen Blonde and Scarlet 5/6

MICHEL FACE POWDER, delicately perfumed and in a range of shades to meet every need, '*Stays on Longer*'. Peche, Rachel, Rose Beige, Rose Natural, Sun Tan, Tropic . . . 5/6

MICHEL CAKE MAKE-UP, excellent for day or evening wear '*Stays on Longer*,' is WATERPROOF and WON'T STREAK. In delightful shades of Peche, Pink Spice, Sun Tan . . 7/6

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MICHEL LIPSTICK in shades of Amapola, Blonde, Cherry, Cyclamen, Mariposa, Pink Spice, Raspberry, Scarlet, Vivid 2/11

All by the creators of YOUR FAVOURITE LIPSTICK

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THE MAN THEY MARRIED

BY R. A. DICK

Like father, like son, proved strangely true in a reunion fraught with surprises.

IN the middle of the small tea-table stood a pink-iced cake on a silver platter, which raised it above the plates full of bread and butter and scones as if it were some idol surrounded by its humble worshippers.

Julia Fordyce straightened a lace table-mat and stood back, looking at her wrist watch. Ten minutes past four; if the London train were punctual her son should be here at any moment now.

How slowly the clock on the marble mantelpiece was ticking away the minutes, as if time itself were trying to hold back the meeting for which she had longed for so many years.

Twenty-seven years . . . could it really be twenty-seven years since that bleak day when Leonard had quarrelled with his father, and had left his home to seek his own way of living in America?

It had been difficult to forgive Howard for that quarrel, which had separated her from her only child so irretrievably. It had been difficult to forgive Howard for so many things, not least for the fact that she herself had no longer been able to feel any love for him, or even friendship.

Yet no one had forced her into marriage with Howard Fordyce. Her parents, indeed, had done their best to dissuade her from rushing into matrimony with a man whom she had only known so short a time, and had met in so unconventional a manner in a picture gallery.

In her absorption in a particular picture she had allowed her handbag to slide from her grasp. A man standing near her had helped her to pick up its contents, and since he had been so polite it had been mere courtesy to thank him for his help.

How she had come to accept his offer of a cup of tea in a nearby teashop she had never entirely understood herself.

He had told her that he was down from the north on business and, having had time to spare and knowing no one socially in London, had looked in at the gallery.

He had seemed to think that it had been Fate that had led him there, and she, an insatiable reader of romantic novels and adventure stories, particularly those about pioneering in the Wild West, had agreed that there was much to be said for Fate.

With this encouragement he had told her his life history. In excitement it had not begun to compare with her favorite tales. But he had been so strong and handsome, so different from the men she had met previously, that he had made the story of a mill boy, who had become a mill owner, seem quite as heroic a saga in her ears.

She had married him six weeks later, and after a brief honeymoon had set off for the smoke-ridden town of Barfield, feeling that if she were not blazing new trails in reality, she was at least cutting new paths of more dangerous living in her mind.

And at first the very difference of her surroundings had continued to stimulate and excite her. The Black Country had seemed as thrilling a place in which to be as Darkest Africa, and as remote.

The grim, grey town, where nature itself was veiled in the soot and grime that blackened the few tree trunks, and dimmed the sun, and turned even the robins' red waistcoats to sober mourning, had offered a challenge to her adventurous gay personality, defying her to bring any light into the earnest life that trod the cobbled grey streets.

Please turn to page 41

Quickly Leonard drew his wife forward. "This is Charlotte, Mother," he said.

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House gowns . . . show new season's lines

● Done in cosy blanket-cloth, the tent-gown at left has a wrap-over, cutaway front closing, high draught-proof collar tying snugly at the throat, and decorative pouch pockets.

● There is wonderful protection for zero winter nights in the coat above, done in mauve fur-fabric. The large cape-collar, bulky hip pockets, pointed cuffed sleeves, and wide-flaring skirt are all fashion points to notice. Coat is practical, too.

● Velvet is used for the graceful full-belted gown, left, above, which has the new blouse-top line and wide, blouse sleeves gathered into a tight, snug cuff. The stiffened collar is drawn high about the neck and the skirt falls in heavy folds.

● Rich, red velveteen makes the fitted princess gown, at left, with much extra warmth provided over the neck and shoulders by a deep, double-cape collar. It buttons high and has fairly wide and deeply cuffed sleeves, and slit pockets.

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The Little Princesses

PART V

By their governess, MARION CRAWFORD

IN last week's instalment, Miss Crawford, the Princesses' governess, told of the anxieties and doubts brought to her young charges by the outbreak of war and their evacuation to Scotland. For their entertainment she arranged a Christmas play, which, although never performed, awoke in them, and Margaret particularly, their great interest and talent in theatricals. They returned to Sandringham for Christmas and then were transferred to Windsor Castle, which was to be their home during the darkest days of the war.

WE were ensconced in Windsor, with Alah in the nursery, at the time the first bombs fell.

About two nights after we were settled in, the alarm bell went. I had bought a siren suit which was very much like Mr. Churchill's, only it was made of green velvet. I was rather pleased to put it on.

It had been arranged that I would not collect the children and Alah, because that might have been difficult since I was a long way off; and in any case Alah was responsible for seeing they got to the shelter.

I had taken on the post of helping in the Red Cross Centre there.

I kept the keys, and was responsible for the cupboards of the medicine and dressing chests.

Everyone was doing a job of some sort like that.

At the sound of the alarm bell I went at once to the shelter.

There was no sign of the children and no sign of Alah, and everyone was in a state of fuss. Sir Hill Child came and said, "This is impossible. They simply must come."

I ran all the way to the nurseries where I could hear a great deal of commotion going on. I was really angry myself, and the children were quite hysterical. I shouted, "Alah!"

Very often she thought my voice was the Queen's and she would say, "Yes, Your Majesty," and would be absolutely furious afterwards over her error. I said, "It's not Your Majesty, Alah, it's Crawfie. Lord Wigram and Sir Hill Child and everybody else are waiting in the shelter and you must come down. This is not a dress rehearsal. What are you doing?"

Alah was always very careful. Her cap had to be put on, and her white uniform.

Lilibet called, "We're dressing, Crawfie. We must dress."

I said, "Nonsense! You are not to dress. Put a coat over your night clothes, at once."

I asked what had happened to Margaret, and was told Bobo had not put out the right colored knickers, and she was looking for them.

They finally came to the shelter. By this time Sir Hill Child was a nervous wreck. He stood rather in awe of Alah, but he said, "You must understand the Princesses must come down at once. They must come down whatever they are wearing."

There the shelter was in one of the dungeons, not a particularly inviting place anyway.

There lingered about it always the memory of others who had probably been incarcerated there, and left some of their unhappiness behind them.

The atmosphere was gloomy, and there were beetles.

The walls had all been reinforced, and beds put up, but that first night for some reason nothing was ready.

Later on, the shelters were made quite comfortable, with a bedroom for the King and Queen and the Princesses, and proper bathroom arrangements, but just at the start there was a good bit of improvisation.

The little girls were very good. They took it all most calmly. Margaret fell asleep on my knee. Lilibet lay down and read a book.

Someone came along presently and whispered to me that there was a red warning, which meant enemy aircraft were directly overhead.

I sat nursing Margaret, straining my ears, and praying for the night to pass.

It was two in the morning before the all-clear sounded.

Toward the end of our vigil, Sir Hill Child made tea.

He is a tall, distinguished-looking person, very dignified, and even in this crisis he managed to look spruce and well dressed, with a scarf round his neck.

There was something incongruous in his meticulous tinkerings with the teacups as he waited for the kettle to boil.

I thought how little I had dreamed, as a girl in Scotland, the time would come when I would drink tea in a royal dungeon at midnight, with German bombers droning overhead.

At two o'clock Sir Hill Child bowed ceremoniously to Lilibet. "You may now go to bed, ma'am," he said.

They trooped rather wearily up, and we had peace the rest of that night.

In the morning, I had a talk with Lilibet, who could always see the sense of things.

She quite realised that proper beds would have to be put down, and blankets and their treasures would be put there so they would not go and collect them.

I had them each get their little suitcases. The French nation once gave them a set of beautiful dolls, and these dolls had all the jewel cases and things that ladies have. One was pink and the other blue. The children packed the cases that morning with their favorite brooches, the things that they wear every day which did not need to go into the safe.

They had books, and each had a little diary with a lock which they always wrote up every night.

That was something on which the Queen insisted; as soon as they could write she gave them these beautiful locked diaries which they religiously filled in each night before they fell asleep.

After that the children got proper siren suits.

When the bombing got really bad we all slept downstairs in the dungeon.

You could see the Princesses going off at seven with their little cases as if they were going to catch a train at Paddington, wearing their siren suits.

We sometimes had warnings up in the daytime, and if we happened to be outside we sheltered in various summer-houses.

King George III had built some curious caves in the side of a hill quite close to the castle.

They were entered by a long tunnel which leads to a vast cave, the wall studded with pebbles.

They smelt very damp and horrid. Margaret loved to run on ahead and jump out at us, shouting, "Boo!" when we took refuge there from daytime bombs.

Later, the house staff did their gas tests in there, so the caves probably for the first time were of some real use.

A battalion of Grenadier Guards came three days after we arrived. We were introduced to Sir Francis Manners and four officers who lived in the castle and came to meals.

I thought this was wonderful. Lilibet was now fourteen, growing

STUDYING in their private suite at Windsor Castle. Elizabeth (left) and Margaret Rose. One of the advantages of the Princesses' secluded wartime life, according to Miss Crawford, was the uninterrupted opportunity it gave for their education.

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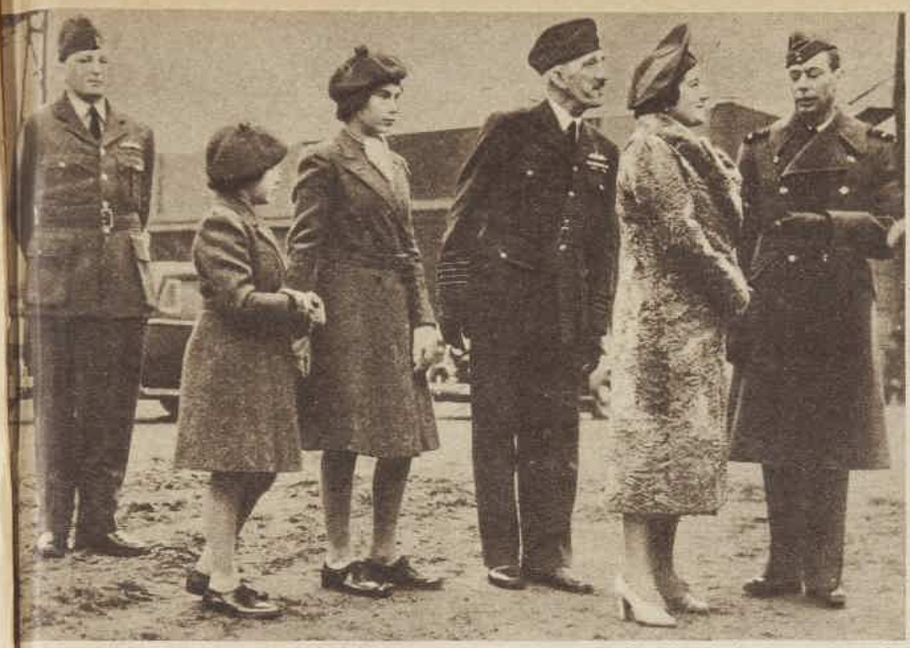

RARE WARTIME EXCURSION for the Princesses was their visit with the King (in Air Force uniform at right) and the Queen to a Southern Command bomber station. They were taken to give them an idea of Britain's defence, of which, behind the sombre walls of Windsor Castle, they could hear only terrifying echoes.

Queen Mary's war effort

up, and it gave an opportunity to teach her to play hostess. I planned to have parties, too, and I felt we could keep things cheerful for the children.

The officers were charming. They came to household breakfast. We had very gay lunch parties with the children. Lilibet and Margaret and Dudley Colles and Gerald Kelly and three officers. The officers loved to meet the two girls and talk to them.

Lilibet played the part of hostess perfectly.

She never left anybody hanging around. She chose who would sit on her right and who on her left. Margaret always sat opposite her sister and chose who would sit on her right and on her left.

It was pleasant to see these children getting their party seated in a very short time. Lilibet had seen her father as host many times, of course, and in addition I made her pour tea for us at Birkhall.

Children should learn to do these things young. Lilibet had very natural good manners and was an excellent conversationalist.

Margaret began to develop into a real personality then with the male element about.

She kept everyone in fits of laughter.

She flirted even at that early age with James Denny, and she had a gay little way with her that won everybody's heart in that gloomy old castle.

She accused me of flirting madly with the young officers as well.

The officers dug slit trenches all over the grounds, and the children had names for them—Denny's Delight, and Peter's Folly—after the officers who dug them.

The trenches were meant to be shelters, but they were more of a menace to us than anything else.

You did not know when you would fall into one while on a walk through the grounds.

Presently the officers asked us to tea in the guardroom. It was a special tea party got up for the little girls.

The batman had obviously borrowed one of the best tablecloths from the housekeeper, and some cups, and a great deal of trouble had been taken to give the children a good tea. There was a large bowl of cherries, chocolate cakes, and a wonderful assortment of little cakes which they had had mostly sent from their homes.

Everybody was very gay, and Lilibet was pleased because she was asked to be hostess and pour tea.

The children were also greatly delighted when they were asked to add their names to the numerous signatures on the plastered walls. There were some rather skittish paintings that had been done by soldiers past and present, but we tactfully ignored these.

After tea we played guessing games and charades, and I think the officers were as sorry as we were when the party was over. These young men were all far away from homes where they must have had sisters, and I am sure it must have given them just for a little while a feeling of home.

Windsor Castle was a wonderful place on wet days. There was so much of it to be explored, so many odd nooks and corners where we had never been before.

One day, the King's Librarian, Sir Owen Morshead, took us right down to the vaults under the castle.

"Would you like to see something interesting?" he asked us. We said we would. He showed us a lot of rather ordinary-looking leather hat-boxes which seemed at first sight just to be all stuffed up with old newspapers.

But when we examined these, we discovered the Crown Jewels were hidden in them!

We saw little of Queen Mary during the war. She joined the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort in their country house in Gloucestershire. This she had been most loath to do.

If she could have had her own way she would have sat out the war firmly in London.

But she was a very old lady already, and I think in the end the King persuaded her it would save them all anxiety to know she was safe.

There was nobody in the whole of England who went in for austerity to such a degree as Queen Mary.

She kept everybody busy from morning till night with knitting parties, or rolling bandages, and she in person would go out into the woods and assist with the felling of trees.

The house was large and damp, but nothing would induce Her Majesty to take any advantages or to have more than her rightful share of the scarce fuel.

The central heating was cut off, and Her Majesty insisted they live on their rations only. Her household suffered accordingly.

During the war years, when possible, the King and Queen paid regular week-end visits to Windsor Castle, arriving on Fridays in time for tea at five o'clock.

Very often the Princesses and I would take Jock on a rein, and Hans, the Norwegian pony, and three dogs—Crackers, Susan, and Ching—along an avenue leading to one of the main gates to meet mummie and papa.

There was great excitement when the two cars appeared in the distance, the leading one with the King and Queen and Mr. Cameron, the King's detective, besides the chauffeur; the second with the equerry and lady-in-waiting.

We all started to run toward them—horses, dogs, and ourselves—and the car slowed down to a crawl and stopped.

I remember how tired the King and Queen looked, and how very happy and relieved they were to see their daughters so cheerful and leading a comparatively natural life in spite of the war.

If by chance the cars were late or came by a different avenue, we kept our eye on the Round Tower, where the King's Standard was hoisted by an old, retired man from the Navy. When we saw the Standard we got back as quickly as we could to the castle.

I often used to wonder how our old Navy man timed the hoisting so beautifully.

I found out that the ritual at Buckingham Palace, the castle, or Royal Lodge is the same: whenever the King leaves Buckingham Palace a message is sent by telephone to the castle or to Royal Lodge, the journey takes roughly an hour, the old man at Windsor climbs to his perch, from his eyrie sees the car far away on the road.

At the moment of it entering the castle, up goes the Standard.

After that the castle becomes alive with activity, His Majesty is in residence. Everyone is on the alert.

Please turn to page 21

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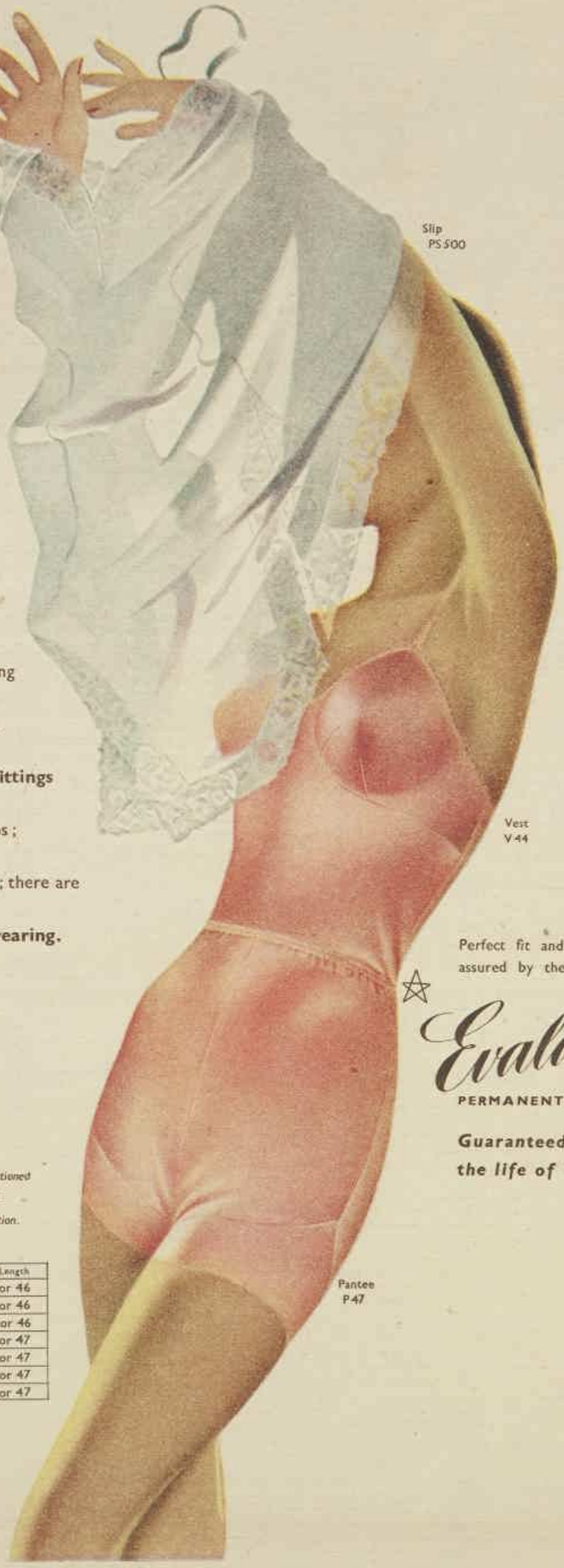
14	35	37½	44 or 46
16	37	39	44 or 46
36	40	42	45 or 47
38	42	44	45 or 47
40	44	46	45 or 47
42	46	48	45 or 47



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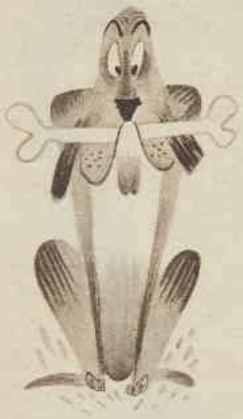
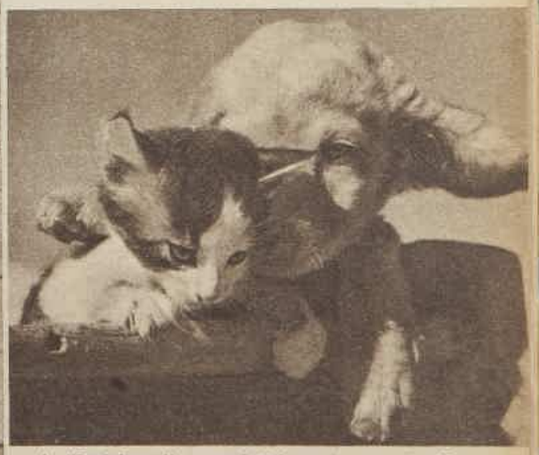
"D'ye hear that one about a bone?"



1. "You can't eat that bone now, I told him—it isn't ripe. Look, you bury it here, I said, and leave it to mature a bit. And then, when he'd gone, I dug it up again and put it in my kennel. Laugh—I nearly died . . ."

2. "But you don't know the half of it. It wasn't his bone at all—it was one he pinched from you last week. And — this'll kill you laughing — he found it again, and he's eating it now in your kennel."

3. "WHAT? Eating it now? In my kennel? The dirty crossbred son of a piebald Peke . . . And you look here, my girl, a joke's a joke, but when a dog bones another dog's bone, that's no laughing matter."



4. "Look here. You go and stick your tongue out at him; and when he chases you up that tree, I dash into the kennel, get the bone, and meet you back here. I'll give you my next sardine if you do."

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Pelaco

"It is indeed a lovely shirt, sir!"

PATON

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Persian Princess dares brother's wrath for love

Romance of beautiful Fatima and young American student in Arabian Nights tradition

From ROLAND PULLEN, in Paris

A motor accident clinched the Arabian Nights romance of the 22-year-old, beautiful, brown-eyed Princess Fatima Pahlevi, of Persia, and shy, athletic, fair-haired American, Vincent Lee Hillyer, a graduate and hockey champion of California University.

They were married this month in the sun-drenched Italian town Civitavecchia against a background of pink oleanders and golden mimosa.

BRIDEGROOM, Vincent Lee Hillyer, 25-year-old Californian, who wants to be a writer.

THE BRIDE, Princess Fatima, now Mrs. Lee Hillyer, on her wedding day at Civitavecchia, near Rome.

I HEARD the story of their romance when I interviewed them at the Hotel Crillon in Paris.

The Princess, wearing a huge diamond ring (a gift from her husband), beige nylons, high-heeled crocodile-skin shoes, a brown-and-yellow jumper, and brown skirt, sat up straight on the sofa.

Five months ago, Vincent Lee Hillyer set out on a tour of Europe with his parents and four sisters.

On New Year's Eve the Shah of Persia was giving a reception for other princes and many international diplomats in the Hotel Excelsior in Rome.

Princess Fatima, who is second youngest of the Shah's ten brothers and sisters, was among the guests.

Hillyer and his family had arrived in Rome. He was taking the car to a garage when he crashed into a wall of the Excelsior.

Distinguished guests, some of whom were on the balcony, saw the crash, rushed from the reception to help Hillyer, found him uninjured, and brought him to the party.

When the young American was presented to Princess Fatima they found they already knew each other. The accident had provided their third meeting, and shortly after Vincent wrote home to friends, "That did it." Fatima accepted a diamond engagement ring.

Now let Princess Fatima take up the story:

"When we said good-bye in Rome that night we knew we must meet again. Vincent wrote me next day, and we went out several times together in Rome," Fatima said.

Vincent met Fatima first through her younger brother, Prince Mehmoud, who was his fellow student at the University of California.

In 1948 Vincent visited Teheran at Mehmoud's invitation, and there met Fatima.

"I fell in love at first sight," Vincent told me.

Last year Vincent's parents met Fatima when she was in the United States. The Princess stayed in Hollywood incognito, and often motored to the Hillyers' almond ranch.

The Shah of Persia, Fatima's brother, also called on the Hillyer family during his recent State visit to America.

At the wedding ceremony at Civitavecchia, Princess Fatima wore a long dress of white brocade designed to throw into relief her magnificent jewels from the fabulous royal Persian collection.

ROYAL BROTHER, the Shah of Persia, who deprived Fatima of royal rights when she married outside the Moslem faith.

The bridegroom wore a sports coat and brown slacks.

Vincent attended both the University of California and Harvard University as a student of medicine.

But his real ambition is to be a writer.

He comes from a wealthy family. His father, Dr. Leroy Hillyer, has been a practising physician in Los Banos for the past 20 years.

Twelve years ago Dr. Hillyer purchased a 300-acre almond and walnut ranch near Los Banos, which he runs as a hobby.

Vincent's mother, Mrs. Hillyer, is said to have inherited money which she invested in Texas oil land.

Both parents attended their son's wedding to Fatima. They were the only witnesses.

A few hours after the ceremony, which was held in a tiny back street registry office, stormclouds burst over the sunny romantic landscape.

From Persia came tidings that the bride's brother, the Shah of Persia, had deprived Princess Fatima of all her royal rights because she had married outside her Moslem faith without her brother's consent.

In a royal dispatch two days later, the Shah told Fatima he would relent if she remarried in a mosque.

By then the Princess was on the way to Paris with her husband.

From the French Riviera town of Cannes, where she was honeymooning, Princess Fatima wrote to Si Kaddour Ben-Ghabrit, highest Islamic Imam at the Paris Mosque, asking for a Moslem marriage. (He married Rita Hayworth and Prince Aly Khan.)

But when she arrived in Paris she learned the Imam had decreed such a marriage impossible.

MOTHER-IN-LAW, Mrs. Lee Hillyer, presents her new daughter-in-law with a bouquet of white flowers when she leaves on her honeymoon.

Moslem law, the Imam told her, permits Moslem men to marry women of other religions because children of such a marriage bear the father's name and follow his religion. But a Moslem woman may marry only a Moslem man.

When she first heard the answer of the Imam in Paris the gentle-voiced Fatima wept. But on the evening I saw them she and her husband had formulated a plan.

Second ceremony

SHE knitted her black eyebrows and said: "Our religion is practical and simple. My husband can be converted to the Moslem faith in a few minutes at the Iranian Embassy here in Paris. Then the marriage can follow at once.

"I wanted to get married and we got married, although I knew I'd be breaking the rules.

"Now we shall get married for the second time, whether the Mosque approves or not. That's final."

Her husband, who has the gum-chewing habit to cover up a slight nervousness and has film-starrish good looks, said: "I shall greet my conversion to Islam with delight. I have met the Shah and liked him. I think he likes me. I'm sure it will be all right."

The Persian Embassy has agreed that the wedding can be celebrated there very soon. After the ceremony they intend to go back to the Riviera for a honeymoon of several weeks.

"And then," says Hillyer, "we will come back to Paris to live. We both like France very much."

No one had ever really expected that Fatima, the exotic, raven-haired sister of the Shah of Persia, would marry conventionally.

Even when she was a little girl playing with her brothers and sisters she had shown something of the independent spirit that has led her to risk the displeasure of her powerful brother to marry the man she loves.

She spent her youth surrounded with Arabian Nights luxury. The palace itself is a two-storied building with a vivid facade of colored tiles. Inside, the walls are covered with mosaic which blazes in the reflected eastern sunshine as if encrusted with diamonds.

Accustomed to the splendors of the east, she could have plunged her arms into sacks of pearls up to her elbows, had she wished, or played with caskets full of rubies and sapphires, but jewels meant little to her.

One of the most precious things in the palace was the "Peacock Throne," valued at more than £6,000,000. It was made of gold, with an awning in the form of an outspread peacock's tail. In the tail were 140,000 jewels.

But Fatima's father—a former politician who did not come from the ancient royal line of Persia—was only interested in finding someone to buy it.

When she was four years old her father showed Fatima his new car. It was the most expensive car in the world, worth £25,000 then. The switchboard and steering gear were studded with jewels.

Fabulous riches

BUT Fatima grew up with the knowledge that fabulous riches did not necessarily bring happiness.

As she grew older she loved to pore over the western fashion magazines that wives of diplomats brought into the palace.

Of all her brothers and sisters she had most in common with her eldest brother, Mahomed Reza Pahlevi, nine years her senior.

When he became Shah, after his father abdicated in 1941, he showed he was going to be a progressive ruler. He encouraged Fatima to accustom herself to western ideas.

Postage stamps, water-color painting, horse-riding, and tennis were some of her hobbies. And she studied sociology to know what went on in that other life, outside the splendid walls of palaces.

When she was grown up she decided to see the world for herself, made a plane tour of the world's capitals, was fascinated by western fashions, and the freedom of western courtship.

During her life in Teheran, Persia's capital, she was astute enough to see that even in her own family the Moslem form of marriage did not always lead to a contented partnership.

When the Shah, Fatima's brother, in 1939 married the Egyptian Princess, 17-year-old Fawzia, Fatima noted that he had seen her for the first time only two weeks before the marriage date. Nine years later the Shah and Fawzia were divorced.

Our cover

THE dahlias on our cover this week came from the old-world garden of Miss Mary Pollard, in Buckingham Road, Killara, Sydney. Miss Pollard, who was once a musical comedy star, and is 82 years old, looks after her own garden. She is an active member of the Kuring-gai branch of the Horticultural Society of N.S.W., and is a dahlia enthusiast, her collection being one of the best on the North Shore line.

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Editorial

MAY 20, 1950

HOUSEWORK AND DIGNITY

DO housewives need to recapture a sense of dignity in their work? This question was raised by a speaker at the Country Women's State Conference in Sydney.

She said that women's minds had been conditioned to regard work as drudgery and there was too much talk now about making life easy.

She thought that if, as recently suggested, houses had washing machines instead of laundries, it wouldn't be long before kitchens and dining-rooms went too and families found themselves eating in communal centres.

Her fear of a soulless mechanised home, with its family ceremonies lost to the cold convenience of organised eating, is somewhat premature.

As yet, it is the lack of washing machines rather than a surplus of them that makes many women regard their work as drudgery.

You can dignify housewifely tasks by the sense of service you bring to them, but that does not alter the fact that the constant repetition of sweeping, scrubbing, and washing is drudgery.

Housewives need all the gadgets they can get. When the endless jobs are done easily and quickly the housewife will have more time to give to the real arts of homemaking and the development of her own personality.

These, by their vital importance to the family well-being and the scope they give for creative skills, raise her vocation to a high plane and give her the sense of fulfilment all humans need.

LADY BLESSINGTON: Society barred her

FAMOUS WOMEN

TWICE in her life lovely Sally Power, later to become famous as "the most gorgeous Lady Blessington," was sold by one man to another.

The first salesman was her brutal father, Edmund Power, a small Irish squire, who deliberately played one suitor for Sally, then in her early teens, against another, selling to the highest bidder.

It did not worry Sally's father that this bidder, Maurice Farmer, was a sadistic brute, whose treatment of her was such that in three months she came home black and blue from her husband's final beating.

The second man to profit by Sally's wit, charm, and beauty was her protector, Captain Thomas Jenkins.

After Sally's dramatic return home she managed to stand her father's terrorising for three years; but then was only too thankful to fly to England with the kindly Jenkins.

When Sally sailed across the Irish Channel in 1809 to take up her life with Jenkins in his pleasant Hampshire home she was just 20, incredibly lovely, with a dazzling complexion and beautiful figure.

She had chosen well. Her captain proved not only a kindly, affectionate man, but one who could introduce her to the great world of the intellect.

She arrived in Hampshire almost entirely uneducated, but after years of Jenkins' grooming she had developed a mind so keen, so well-balanced, and so mature that for the next 30 years her most intimate friends were the leading men of letters of the day.

Side by side with this picture of a quiet, intellectual life in the country is one drawn by the gossips of the day, who declared that Sally was the central attraction in wild orgies held by Captain Jenkins and his fellow officers, when the lovely girl was said to have danced naked on the dinner table.

In 1814 there came among the many guests a Viscount Mountjoy, later the Earl of Blessington.

He was a connoisseur of beauty, and with an income of £30,000 a year he was accustomed to buying any beautiful object he desired.

He opened negotiations with Captain Jenkins, and in 1816 the captain received £10,000, and the Earl of Blessington received his future countess.

Blessington wanted Sally as wife, not mistress. He was launching divorce proceedings against Farmer, her first husband, when that gentleman did the one good thing for Sally that history records. He fell out a window and broke his neck while in a drunken stupor.

The way was clear. On February 16, 1818, 29-year-old Sally, who was christened Margaret, assumed yet another name. She became, at a splendid marriage ceremony in Bryanston Square, London, Marguerite, Countess Blessington.

In the autumn of 1818 began the war between Marguerite and London society, which ceased only with her death.

Her home, 10 St. James' Square, was soon renowned for its magnificent receptions; but her guests were the men, not the women, of the great London world, who ostracised her because of her association with Jenkins.

Marguerite presided with the utmost assurance and infinite charm over a dinner table around which sat giants of the day such as Canning, Lord Grey, Lord Castlereagh.

The Blessington salon in St. James' Square was soon an accepted feature of the London season, and remained so until 1822, when Marguerite, her husband, and her sister, Mary Power, set out on an extensive Continental tour. So elaborate was the equipage which the Earl and Countess needed to cross Europe that it was aptly named by a wit "the Blessington Circus."

As the Circus moved on its cumbersome way across Europe, with Genoa as its goal, it paused for three months at Avignon, where it received an important addition.

This addition was the exquisitely handsome young French count,

An Irish girl who became from obscurity one of London's most lavish hostesses to the famous men of her period.

Alfred d'Orsay, whose life at this point becomes inextricably interwoven with that of Marguerite and her husband.

D'Orsay had met the Blessingtons in London, and was a regular visitor at 10 St. James' Square. He had persuaded them to make the Continental tour, and arranged to join them at Avignon.

Contemporaries were swift to link d'Orsay and Marguerite as lovers and to dub Lord Blessington a complacent husband; but 20th century biographers seem more inclined to believe that sex played little part in the lives of this strange trio.

It was not long before the world was told that d'Orsay was to become in actual fact a part of the family, for the Earl affianced him to his daughter by an earlier marriage, and bequeathed to him a great part of his estates on the condition that this marriage took place, as it did later.

Meanwhile the Circus went its resplendent way towards Genoa.

With every step that brought her nearer to this city, Marguerite's excitement increased, for there she was

MARGUERITE, Countess Blessington, who was accounted a great beauty and intellectual, finally earned her living as a writer.

to meet the most discussed figure of the age, Lord Byron, whose work had already aroused her intense interest.

There is no foundation for any suggestion that she was one of Byron's mistresses. In fact, their relationship has been described as "the only really tranquil friendship with a woman that Byron ever had."

When the time came for parting, Byron's gift to the Countess was his Armenian grammar, with autograph annotations—surely the present of an intellectual, rather than a passionate, friend.

With an ease which tells us how much little Sally had become the complete woman of the world Marguerite lived for the next two years in the utmost magnificence in a palace at Naples.

It was as well that Lady Blessington had those serene months in Naples, for soon a storm of shocked scandal was to break around her, to leave its mark for the rest of her life.

The storm came in 1828 when the Blessingtons carried through the preposterous marriage of Lady Harriet Gardiner, just 16 years old, and Count d'Orsay, regarded by everyone as her stepmother's lover.

But scandal could not defeat the Blessingtons. When the social leaders in one city ostracised them they simply moved to another. Their wealth, charm, and talents were bound to make new friends for them and staunch old friends such as Walter Savage Landor never failed them.

In Paris, where they leased the Hotel Ney, they set up an establishment even more lavish than in the Palazzo in Naples.

Just as the lease of this house was running out, calamity descended on the little group.

In May, 1829, the Earl died and left not only a deeply grieving widow, but a luxury-loving woman who realised that her days of unlimited affluence were over. Under the Earl's strange will, leaving the bulk of his property to d'Orsay and his wife, Marguerite received a jointure of only £2000 a year.

This sum would have been enough for quiet comfort, but not for the luxury Marguerite had grown to regard as her right.

But when she returned to live in London, preparing to reopen her salon in defiance of the now rampant scandal-mongering, part of her entourage were still the Count and Countess d'Orsay, so she had their wealth to call on as well as her own.

Her return to the London world was triumphant. Diplomats, statesmen, men of letters, painters, soldiers flocked to her gorgeous house in Seamore Place, Park Lane, from eight until twelve o'clock every night she was at home.

She specialised in giving dinners with perfect food accompanied by meticulously chosen wines, served by footmen in green-and-gold liveries, at a table gleaming with superb plate, glass, and linen.

Men of taste found everything to their liking at Seamore Place, and hastened to enjoy its smooth luxury, while their respectable womenfolk stayed austerely away.

The departure from Seamore Place of Harriet d'Orsay in 1831, when she ran away from her husband to seek refuge with her relatives, was yet another turning point in Lady Blessington's life. It was the beginning of her final defeat.

The removal from the household of Harriet's share of the Blessington money necessitated financial readjustment, and a court case brought against Lady Blessington and d'Orsay by Harriet's family resulted in much repugnant publicity, settling for all time Lady Blessington's hopes of being recognised socially.

The major result of all this was that Lady Blessington was forced to capitalise her rank and memories. She turned writer.

Her "Conversations With Lord Byron" appeared in serial form in the "New Monthly Magazine" in 1832, and from 1833 until 1849 she edited an annual publication, "The Book of Beauty."

She had kept detailed journals during all her years of travel, and was quick to utilise this material for two books, "The Idler in Italy" and "The Idler in France."

The years of unbelievable splendor and leisure had given way to years of really solid work to enable her and d'Orsay to continue to live in the luxury they needed.

Continued on page 45

RECIPES FROM EMBASSY CHEFS

DO you long to cook something that will make the family beam and ask, "What's this lovely dish?"

From the recipes of five embassy chefs in Australia you can prepare exotic dishes fit for a diplomat. And you won't have much trouble getting the ingredients.

From the American Ambassador's chef (an Australian, by the way) comes a recipe for almond and asparagus casserole; an Indian gives you chicken curry and chipattis; an Italian offers gnocchi that you won't buy outside of two or three restaurants in Australia; then there are Chinese chicken and almonds and French rooster and wine.

Is your mouth watering? This round-up of gourmet's dishes from the embassies is in A.M. for May, now on sale everywhere.

Among the 10 articles, seven short stories, and eight stories in pictures, there are hours of reading for men and women. Price is still 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS

Still 1/-. The best stories and best value! ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE.

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WINNER OF LANDGROVE CUP. President of Southern Districts Picnic Race Club, Mr. Alan Bragg, of Landgrove, Cootamundra (centre), and his wife congratulate Cup winner Mr. Ernest Merriman, of Ravensworth, Yass. His horse, Argument, was ridden by his son, Owen Merriman.

COFFEE BY FIRESIDE for John Hooper (left), John Cooper, of Moree; Jill Hassell, of Braidwood; Sally Bragg, Wambidgee, Cootamundra; Nancy Allum, and Bill Hooper before dressing for ball at party John and Bill's mother, Mrs. N. Hooper, gave for her sons' friends.

HOT CONSOMME. Mrs. Cecil Last, of "Rawilla," Muttama, pours hot consomme for her house-guest, Mrs. Magner Morven, of Manly, at dinner-party given by Mr. and Mrs. Last at C.W.A. rooms, Cootamundra, for seventy-five guests.

GRANDSTAND VIEW. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Warden, of Denniston, who attended races and parties at Cootamundra when Southern Districts Picnic Race Club held meeting. Mrs. Warden formerly Patricia Maxwell, of Cootamundra.

Picnics at Cootamundra

By JOYCE BOWDEN

I FEEL there must be a roaring trade in vitamin pills in Cootamundra at picnics. I can think of no other way locals could possibly have enough energy to cope with non-stop festivities when Southern Districts Picnic Race Club members hold their meeting there.

Weather man was kind and many feminine punters regretted wearing of new season's finery as bright sunshine made temperature rise. By end of the races, however, the crisp country air brought relief as guests made their way to marquee in grounds for cocktail party.

• • •

ROUND one in the social stakes went to charming couple Alan Bragg, president of picnics, and his wife, Darcy. Picnic lunches for the most part were abandoned as couple had issued invitations to more than 300 guests to attend luncheon at racecourse.

Drinks were served in one marquee, and in the other tables were set right round the tent and laden with the makings for Dagwoods—very superior Dagwoods! As one guest remarked, the mortality rate of turkeys in the district must have been shocking just prior to the races. After the races members and their guests were hidden to cocktails on the course by six local hostesses.

IN PARTY MOOD. John Crisp, of "Hardwicke," Yass; Deirdre Collins, "Euralie," Yass; Andrew Meagher, of Cootamundra; Michael Davidson, of Yarran, Young; Peter Meagher, of Temora; Gillian Davidson, Verona, Young (centre), and Nan Armstrong (right), of Bedalla, Victoria.

WIRRILLA CUP WINNER. Mrs. Hector McFarlane (left), of Milly Milly, Young, looks thrilled when her father-in-law's horse, Willigobung, wins Wirrilla Cup. Trainer Neville Leahy holds Willigobung's bridle, which was loaned by his wife, Mary, for race, and Mrs. Horton Browne, of Young, offers her congratulations.

ATTRACTIVE Frances Horton Browne, of Wirruna, Young, dances with Doug Robertson, of Gundagai, at Picnic Race Ball at Town Hall in Cootamundra. Frances' father, Mr. Horton Browne, is president of Young picnics.

PRESIDENT'S LUNCHEON. Mrs. G. Norton-Knight, of Harden; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Willsallen, Widgeongully, Coolac; Mr. and Mrs. Sam Osborne, of Redbank, Harden; and Mr. Bill Gordon, of The Gib, Bungendore, at luncheon given by president of picnics, Mr. Alan Bragg, of Landgrove, and Mrs. Bragg.

HOSTESSES were Mrs. Norman Reading, of Wambidgee, Cootamundra, Mrs. Peter Willsallen, of Widgeongully, Coolac, Mrs. Sam Osborne, of Redbank, Harden, Mrs. Ginty Waugh, of Stockdale, Mrs. Ken Forster, of Cootamundra, and Mrs. Grif Tait, of Jugiong, who unfortunately was absent owing to illness.

• • •

SO many dinner-parties round town, photographer Jack Hickson and I were hard put to track them all down and take photographs before the ball.

Again the Braggs were official hosts and entertained at dinner at Albion for 30 guests. Mrs. Bragg wore wonderful gown of crushed mulberry satin with trail of blue roses and lilac falling from waistline to hem.

• • •

MIGNONETTE-GREEN ballerina taffeta frock worn by attractive Mrs. Mick Meagher when she and her husband entertain some of the "locals" at buffet dinner at their home in Coota. Old homestead filled with glowing cedar furniture makes hospitable setting, and guests have hard time convincing themselves that they really should attend ball about 11 p.m.

• • •

DAYS of preparations for Rae and Cecil Last's buffet dinner for 75 visiting guests, which was held in the local C.W.A. rooms. Rae, who wore shamrock-green taffeta evening frock with bustle at back, had real gardenias sent up from Sydney to pin on bustle, so went about in a cloud of perfume all night.

YOUNG marrieds were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ross, of Garrangula, Harden, at their homestead. They had as house guests Mr. and Mrs. King Dorrington, Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Searcey, of Melbourne, and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Ross, of Holbrook. Mrs. Ross' sister, Mrs. Ross Hutton, of Collingwood, Harden, brought her house guests to the dinner.

• • •

ON to the ball, which didn't really get under way until nearly midnight; but that's only the beginning of the evening in the country. Dancers whirled round to the music of Sam Babicci's Orchestra, which had come from Sydney to play.

• • •

NOTHING but admiration for tenacity of the Braggs, who, despite dawn finish, rally together group of visitors and locals and have delightful "recovery" luncheon. Hot sunshine seeps through our bones as we sit on broad verandahs of lovely homestead, "Landgrove." Bottles of Heidsieck mingle with the "harder-to-get" beer for the noggin before lunch, which is served in Darcy's charming dining-room. Alan and Darcy's young daughters, Sue and Prue, helped their parents entertain. First away were the Ernest Merrimans, who had kept everyone enthralled with their tales of "picnics" held in the good old days. Leaning out of their car windows Mrs. Merriman called out to me, "You can say this is the best meeting Cootamundra's ever had!" and you know I wouldn't be a bit surprised if everyone agrees with her.

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Ring Shy

Continued from page 4

GIBSON stiffened defensively, his mouth shaping a reply; then he looked at the pan in his hand and there was a long silence.

"She was howling."

"So this is why you couldn't do anything with her." Blair crooked his finger. "Come with me."

Gibson followed him inside, his bare feet padding softly up the stairs to Blair's room. He sat meekly on the edge of the bed.

Blair took a bottle from the closet, pulled the cork, and handed it to Gibson. "Help yourself."

Gibson tipped the bottle and choked.

"Canadian sailor gave me that," Blair observed cheerfully. "Issue rum. I've been saving it. How does it go?"

Gibson opened his mouth experimentally but no sound came.

"We'll cut it with soda pop," Blair suggested.

When he came back from the kitchen he poured them each a drink. "Look, Holly," he said, "I've taken on a job, and I'm going to finish it. Either India sleeps in my room or I sleep in the kennel. Or—you promise not to feed her any more."

The old man looked at his feet and wriggled his toes. "I promise."

"Good. We won't be hunting this morning. Do you play poker, Holly?"

"Sure."

"Sure you can hold *your* own? I don't want to take your money——"

"Hagh!" Gibson snorted. "Take my money! Nobody's ever taken my money in a poker game. I'll get my wallet."

Blair was dealing for draw. "Don't bother. I'll stake you."

They played in silence for a time, then Blair said abruptly, "I'd like to marry your daughter, Mr. Gibson."

"You getting anywhere?"

"I'm afraid not. I've got to know more about her."

"Not much to know," said Gibson.

"She's been engaged."

"Yep. Twice."

"Twice?"

"Yes, there was this newspaper columnist fellow hanging around for a while, then he stopped coming around; and there was this other fellow from New York used to buy paintings out here. She couldn't see herself marrying him, she said, so she sent him packing. That's all."

"I don't think that is all. She acts afraid, as if she'd been hurt."

"Afraid of what?"

"Well, maybe herself. Maybe of men. Maybe of falling in love and getting hurt again. Did she break both engagements for the same reason?"

"No. Once she broke it up. The other time the fellow just stopped coming."

"There must be more to it, Holly. Were they the same kind of men?"

Gibson drew two cards. "Well, you know these young men to-day—they both had money, good prospects, but weak-livered. Let a woman push them around. A girl will push a man around if she can, but she doesn't want that."

"That's interesting, Holly. Useful, too. I think you've got the situation clocked. What's your bet?"

Three hours later Blair noticed light outside. "We'll make this the last hand," he said. "We seem to be about even."

India's training continued. Four days later Blair knew he was winning. When he fired the gun, India flinched as usual, her hindquarters dropped piteously, her whole body shook. But she stayed and ate.

Blair asked Paula and Gibson to go with him when he took India on her first trial hunt. Paula was in high spirits. She walked beside Blair through the underbrush, talking easily, while Gibson pushed on ahead with the dog.

"Johnny was asking about you yesterday after my broadcast," she said. "I told him you were coming back to-morrow."

"Did you tell him I was having the time of my life?"

"Are you, Blair? I'm awfully glad you came out; you've done a world of good for Dad. Most of his friends are gone. I haven't seen him enjoy anybody so much for years."

"He's done a lot for me, too."

They stepped into a clearing and Blair stopped her with a touch on the arm. "Look!" India stood rigid in point, and Gibson was waving them to hurry. When they reached him he held his gun out to Paula. "You take it," he whispered.

"No, Holly. First shot is yours."

Gibson turned worried eyes on Blair.

"She'll stay with the game," Blair said. "Go ahead."

They moved forward. India took a step, hesitated, ran on a few feet and came to a point again. A whir broke the stillness. Gibson fired twice. India was leaping ahead, intent on her work, without fear. She sought out the bird and came trotting back to lay it proudly at Gibson's feet.

Gibson gave his gun to Paula and knelt beside his dog; he took the loose skin of her flank in his fingers and kneaded the taut muscles. After a time he stood, picked up the bird, took his gun from Paula, and turned to go home with India beside him.

"You've done a good job, Blair. That makes your visit complete."

"It isn't really complete. There's some fairly important business unfinished. I'm going to marry you, Paula."

"Oh? What makes you think so?"

"A lot of things. You're afraid to let yourself go. You're afraid of my touch."

"Afraid?" She turned to him, level-eyed.

He kissed her.

"You see, Blair, that didn't prove anything," she said, "except that you're making a terrific sap of yourself. When are you going to give up?"

"That's just it. I didn't with India. You can't discourage me, either."

She looked at *him* sharply. "I think it can be arranged."

Please turn to page 24

HAZEL

"What a wedding! Corned beef, cabbage, sliced ham, potato salad . . ."

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Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Mixture at Home.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress, whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles, gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—"Anyone can use this simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Orlex Compound.** He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. Apply this **Orlex** mixture to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

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The Little Princesses

Continued from page 13

ELIZABETH, now 15, gives her first broadcast, with her sister beside her. Her listeners were the children of Britain, many of whom were separated from their parents, as the Princesses themselves often were in wartime.

GROWING UP. The little Princesses photographed in the gardens of Windsor Castle during the war. Elizabeth (right) was learning to be a hostess, entertaining young Guards officers.

Lilibet's first broadcast

LATER the luggage brake comes along with the Queen's dresser and the King's valet, plus piles of luggage.

Jane for many years was a great favorite of Princess Elizabeth. She was one of the Corgis and the mother of Crackers and Carol, born on Christmas Day at Sandringham—hence the names.

Jane was out with us one afternoon and as usual was rabbiting madly.

Unfortunately, she dashed after her prey across one of the drives and was run over by one of the gardeners at Windsor.

He, poor man, was shaken and very upset because he knew how devoted the Princess was to Jane.

Princess Elizabeth was very sad and assured him again and again that it was no fault of his, and that she should have taken greater care of the dog.

Later, Princess Elizabeth sat down and wrote a most charming note to the gardener.

She was always a very kind-hearted little girl.

Princess Elizabeth did her first broadcast to the children of England in those distressing days of 1940 when families were being torn apart and every village and country town was full of poor, homesick little scraps longing for mummie.

Both Lilibet and Margaret were themselves evacuated to what was called "a house in the country," so they knew something of the general break-up of familiar home life, and it was decided that Lilibet should speak to other children herself.

She was so good about the endless rehearsals we had to have to get the breathing and phrasing right.

It was a long and tedious business for a little girl.

She read her speech several times to mummie and papa.

Though Royal speeches in general are more or less mapped out beforehand from a policy point of view, a great deal is put in by the family themselves, and the Queen especially has that rather sweet human touch which is so helpful in making these occasions sound intimate rather than purely official.

Lilibet herself put in several phrases that were quite her own, and everyone who heard this particular speech will remember the most spontaneous and amusing end. Lilibet, always anxious to bring her small sister forward, said, "Come, Margaret, say good-night," and a small, clear voice piped in rather pompously, "Good-night, children."

A B.B.C. official came down to superintend the broadcast. From the letters that came in afterwards, it was plain that a great many grown-ups as well as children had listened in, and found the experience a very touching one.

When the Princesses were small, and up to the ages of fifteen or sixteen, their clothes were the essence of simplicity.

They wore cotton dresses in gay colors. I remember they both had pale mauve linen tunic dresses with dainty organdie blouses, and pink dresses of the same pattern.

They were dressed alike for many years in plain tweeds, pale blue or grey; twin sweater jumpers, kilted skirts for Scotland, plain woollen coats, tweed coats and berets, and white cotton socks.

Their pyjamas were very simple. Or they had little rosebud-flowered nightdresses which were easy to wash.

Lilibet was always too serious-minded to play practical jokes and never failed to consider what the feelings of the people would be if anything of this sort were to be played on them.

Perhaps she longed to do it at moments, but Margaret and I always had to urge her to do anything mischievous like removing the broom from the gardener's barrow at Windsor Castle and hiding it among the bushes.

Margaret and I were very given to practical jokes, and we each egged the other on to play them.

We would laugh to see the man looking vaguely around, knowing he had put his brush there, then look in astonishment into the barrow.

We then became rather ashamed, and I would say, "We really must go and show him where it is," but Margaret would say, "We can't. He must find it."

I think that particular old gardener got to know our habits and kept a very keen eye open.

If anything disappeared he knew he had only to look around the nearest bush to find it.

Lilibet was always ashamed of us on these occasions and walked away from us rather pink in the face. She laughed to see what was going on, but did not want to be party to anything of the sort in any way.

At Windsor Castle during the war we always longed to ring the alarm bell in the terrace. It was supposed to be rung only by the sergeant.

When the bell was rung it brought out the whole guard all over the palace.

Margaret and I put Lilibet into a frenzy of nerves by opening the door to the little box.

We would touch the bell but not press it, whereupon she would rush into the castle with the dogs and say, "You can't do it. You can't do it!"

However, Margaret and I never had the nerve really to bring out the whole guard; that would have been something with which the King would have had to deal.

One day the major in charge, who had, I think, seen us doing this and knew what we wanted to do, said to us, "You may, if you like, ring it any morning you like this week, just offhand.

"You can do it, because this is the week for practising the bringing out of the guard to see how quickly they can assemble."

I said to Margaret, "This is your chance. Go down before breakfast and just ring the bell!"

But she got into a state of giggles and nerves and said, "Oh, I couldn't possibly go down and ring it."

I said, "You've been longing to do it for months, you know."

She said, "No, Crawfie, you do it," and now I could not get either of them to go, although we had been given permission to ring it.

I usually went to breakfast at nine, and one day I went down early, at eight-thirty. Two faces appeared at their bedroom window where they had been waiting for ages to see me go down the steps.

I looked up and said, "I'm going to do it!"

Their faces went pink. "Oh, do hurry! The sentry is coming round the corner. Hurry up, Crawfie! Hurry up!"

Please turn to page 22

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F.P.B.

The Little Princesses

Continued from page 21

THEN I was beginning to be nervous myself, because I thought: Dear me, I have only got to put my finger on this bell and the whole guard of the castle will drop what they are doing and run. It's too much. Even I can't do it.

I looked up and said, "I can't do it."

And they said, "Oh, you're a coward. Go on!"

I opened the door, pressed the bell; I heard bells tingling all over the castle, down the slopes, down the drive. Every bell in England seemed to be ringing.

The Princesses tried not to go into shrieks of laughter. They said my face was a complete picture of horror at what I had done, and I speedily went through to breakfast rather red in the face. I met some of the officers who had been in the middle of their breakfast running along the corridor.

I managed to ask, "What's wrong? Is there a fire alarm?"

And one said, "Oh, no, the usual routine bell for parade, but we have not had one for days and perhaps there is something wrong. We're going to find out."

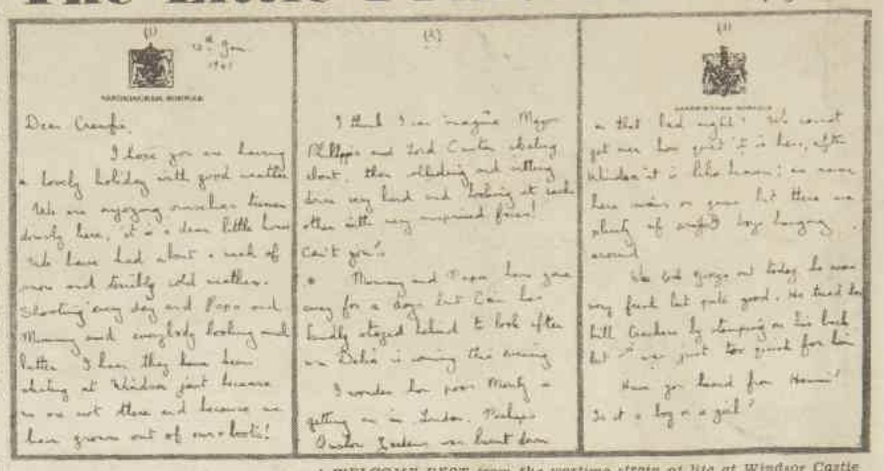
Another thing the Princesses wanted was to be challenged by the guard at Windsor Castle. Everybody had a password.

You could not get into the castle after dark without giving the password. I took the Princesses out to the Crown Equerry's house on the grounds of Windsor, and I thought it was rather dangerous at this time in the war to have the Princesses challenged by the sentry; you could not know what might happen.

Without telling them, I arranged with the major in charge that Their Royal Highnesses got the password and would be coming up this particular drive.

They then had mobile sentries, young men with tommy guns who prowled around among the bushes.

I thought anything might happen if they saw us in light coats, and I wanted to make sure of their safety, so they were warned we would be coming through the arch at about eight-thirty.



Dear Crawfie,

I love you on having a lovely holiday with good weather. We are enjoying ourselves tremendously here, it's a dear little house. We have had about a week of rain and terribly cold weather. Shooting every day and Papa and Mummy and everybody looking well. I hear they have been shelling at Windsor just because we are not there and because we have gone out of our beats!

I think I can imagine Major Phillipps and Ted Cowlin shelling about, then ducking and rolling down very hard and looking at each other with very surprised faces!

Can't you?

Mummy and Papa have gone away for a day but Can has kindly stayed behind to look after us. Baby is coming this evening.

I wonder how poor Monty is getting on in London. Perhaps Doctor Gordon can beat him

A WELCOME REST from the wartime strain of life at Windsor Castle within earshot of bombs and gunfire is described in this letter written by Princess Elizabeth, at Sandringham, to her governess, Marion Crawford, who was spending her holiday in her native Scotland.

After we left the Crown Equerry's house we began to get a little scared. "Wye," the name of a river, was the password.

As we walked along I said we had better make lots of noise and crunching so the sentry would see us. We walked together, and the girls were clinging to my coat.

A voice suddenly said, "Halt! Who goes there?"

We stood in complete, shivering silence. Neither Princess could say a word. I said, "Hurry up, you'll be shot if you don't." But they wouldn't, and so I shouted, "Friend!"

The sentry said, "Advance two paces and give the countersignal."

The Princesses pushed me forward, and to my horror I was within an inch of his bayonet. However, I knew perfectly well he knew who we were, though I did not appreciate being pushed to within an inch of his bayonet.

When he said, "Give the countersignal," of course I said, "Wye," and he replied, "Pass, friend."

We passed, and then to my disgust the sentry saluted smartly, though he was supposed not to take any notice of us!

The Princesses dug me in the ribs and said, "Look at them! They have recognised us."

But I said, "Why not? It's moonlight, and they can see who you are."

And they said, "Oh, yes, of course, there is that."

The passwords were kept a great secret, and it was very difficult to get them.

They were never given on the telephone.

If you rang up the major in charge and said to him, "I am going out to dinner but shall be back at the Henry VIII Gate at eight," he would send the password to you in a sealed envelope which you either opened then and read and memorised and destroyed, or you kept careful watch on when you went out to dinner.

There was one wonderful night at Windsor when there was a scare of parachutists arriving, and every care was taken. The Grenadiers were ready with tommy guns.

We had two cream-colored Norwegian ponies in one of the fields who were just foals and quite young.

At about midnight I heard a great commotion on the grounds of the castle, and couldn't think what it could be.

I looked out the window. In the distance on the grass I saw two little white figures flitting about.

The soldiers were running, but luckily they did not shoot, for it was discovered that in the thunderstorm which had just ended the foals had got very frightened, jumped the fences and raced all over the grounds, with half the trained battalion of Grenadier Guards after them.

After this wonderful midnight chase for parachutists, they found only two very frightened little foals down near the river.

At Windsor during the war we were given our helmets and gas-masks and were also given an in-

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AFTER MORNING SERVICE, the Royal Family—Princess Elizabeth (left), the King and Queen, and Princess Margaret Rose—leave the little church of Crathie, near Balmoral Castle, during a wartime holiday spent there.

triguing little box marked Iron Rations, which we kept close to our helmets in the gas-mask case.

We also had plugs for our ears to be used when the guns went off.

We had a little box with ointment which cleaned the eyepiece of the gas-mask when it became dimmed.

Princess Elizabeth used to set us a great example by wearing her gas-mask every day as required, and by cleaning this eyepiece very carefully every evening.

The gas chamber was brought to Windsor to test the masks. I went through it; the children did not, for I felt that was unnecessary. Stupidly enough, I came up from it and stood in front of the fire, and all the gas regenerated again off my tweeds and nearly killed me.

The long slow months went by, and we remained incarcerated and cut off in Windsor Castle. They were monotonous days, but certain incidents stand out.

All through one lovely early summer day we could hear the sound of far-off shattering explosions and gunfire. Aircraft kept coming over.

The little girls were bothered and anxious about their father and mother, and kept pausing in their play to ask anxiously:

"Crawfie, whatever is it?"

I was at least able to assure them that whatever was taking place, it was not in London. I knew it was too far off for that. It was at Dunkirk, where the Army was being taken off the beaches by the little boats.

We had all of us seen an Admiralty notice in the papers, asking that anyone owning a small boat of any kind would take or send it to a rendezvous, but no one knew exactly what it was for.

So the news given out over the wireless came as a shock, mixed with thankfulness that most of our men had escaped.

There had been vague rumors that the Army was cut off, but most of them came from abroad, and no one knew what to believe.

We kept a large map with flags on it which we moved from place to place, and I kept the little girls up to date as far as possible with what was happening.

It was with profound relief, I remember, they both rushed to speak to their mummie and papa on the telephone that evening, and learned that they were still quite all right.

Lilibet developed rapidly, and those quiet months at Windsor helped a lot. For the first time she was on her own, away from her parents.

At various meal-times and when we gave parties, it was she who had to do the honors, play hostess and see to the seating of her guests. She who had been a rather shy little girl became a very charming young person, able to cope with any situation without awkwardness.

We had lunch all together with the household, and schoolroom tea, but they still kept up the old habit of a simple nursery dinner.

The King and Queen remained at Buckingham Palace all through the London blitz. There were times when we felt extremely anxious about them.

Ineffective efforts were made in official circles to get them to go away to a safer place.

Accommodations had been arranged for them secretly that would not be so simple a landmark for the enemy as Buckingham Palace was, or even Windsor Castle. This, being on the Thames, was rather easy to locate from the sky.

There were evenings in that summer of 1941 when London was under fire, when we all felt anxious. Windsor is near enough to London for what was going on there to be only too evident to us all. The castle is built on chalk, and vibrations were felt from great distances.

To divert the little girls' attention, we would play the piano, and

The Battle for Britain

they would sing their duets at the top of their voices. When I think back on it now, there was through all this an immense amount of laughter and fun in spite of it all, so that sometimes Lilibet, who was a very thoughtful little girl, would pause and say:

"Oh, Crawfie, do you think we are being too happy?"

I replied, "Mummie and Papa want you to be happy, and we shall not help anything or anyone if we sit in corners and cry, shall we?"

The little girls lived for Friday nights, when their parents would come if it was at all possible.

It was heart-breaking to see how all this was telling on Their Majesties. The Queen's charming and youthful face became pale and drawn, and the great strain she was undergoing showed in her eyes. The King came suddenly to look very much like his father.

But the Royal discretion still held. Unpleasant or bothersome matters were never discussed. When they came down to Windsor we took up the pleasant family life again for a little while, and tried to live those three short days as if there were nothing else.

Then came Monday, or often even Sunday night, and they had to go.

Food grew scarce. Now we all looked forward greedily to our Sunday morning egg, the only one we got. We had it fried until fat became scarce.

Ration books and gas-masks we all had had for some time. It was difficult to fit the little girls properly.

After several abortive efforts they were issued Mickey Mouse masks, horrible affairs with red-and-blue noses that never failed to put us in mind of the mandrill at the zoo.

We had to put on these contraptions every day and wear them for ten minutes to get used to them. This was a grim and at first rather frightening business, for a gas-mask, until you get used to it, gives a nice imitation of slow suffocation.

We made a game of it, wore them out-of-doors, and played, in the woods, at being prehistoric monsters, which I am sure we closely resembled.

When the children got over their first qualms, it all became funny, and we laughed a lot, which resulted in some very curious noises emerging. Gas-masks are not intended for laughing in.

One day, as we were doing our daily ten minutes, we saw a mysterious figure skulking from tree to tree in a most suspicious manner, obviously trying to get away without being seen.

A spy! we thought. Forgetting we still wore our gas-masks, we followed him through the woods, but presently lost him. Our last view of him was running wildly through the thicket.

We hurried back to the castle. The warning was sounded, and the police turned out. Presently, a terrified plumber boy was rounded up. He had liked the look of us all in our gas-masks much less then we liked the look of him.

We knitted, Lilibet making manful efforts to improve her skill. Margaret and I collected acorns and beech huskings, painted them in gay colors, and made them into ornaments to be worn in buttonholes. We sold these for the war effort and made five pounds.

We were still in Windsor when Christmas came round again. It did not look like being a very merry one for anybody.

So I decided we would do the Christmas play we had rehearsed but had never performed at Birkhall. This proved to be a great diversion for everyone.

We gave the show at St. George's Hall at the castle. The altar there is not consecrated, so we were able to have the play round it.

Windsor Castle is a wonderful place for anything of this kind, there were so many pieces of brocade and tapestry and suitable oddments we could borrow for dressing up.

Please turn to page 26

At last! A button that ends tugging and pulling through on all types of garments!

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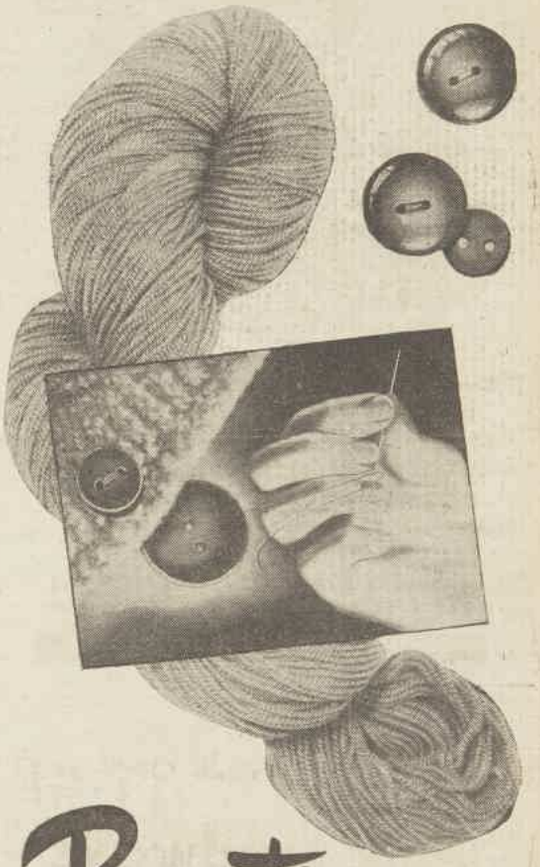

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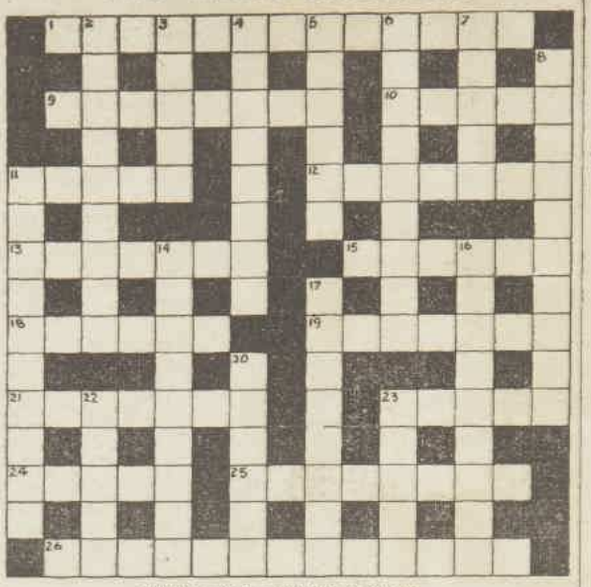
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. and 8. down. These two dozen kidnapped negroes on a slave ship were used as filling for a royal dish (4, 3, 6, 10).
9. Out laces (anagr., 8).
10. Tea taken in a small vessel is essential to existence (5).
11. Active French male surrounded by age (5).
12. Short for California or I see heat (7).
13. No hope for deceased finish (4, 3).
15. Self-possession behold in the Prime Minister surrounded by a sailor (6).
18. Consume in test a formal agreement (6).
19. Tempter who in a way reduces (7).
21. Turk to back to human (7).
22. Storms the French in gas (5).
24. Ward off a heraldic green (5).
25. You and I and a war hacked affirmation pats away slowly (4, 4).
26. Ted hole red Erin (anagr., 8, 7).

DOWN

2. Stubborn could be set in boat (9).
3. Inflame with passion or back employ (5).
4. On the left (4, 4).
5. Ditch (6).
6. Wrapped up in French five absconded (9).
7. You between two teas or teacher (8).
8. (See 1 across).
11. Jam it to a lion muddle as supplementary (10).
14. Valued mixed site and joined in marriage (9).
16. Local site (anagr., 9).
17. Pronounce with a breathing like sea-robber (8).
20. Solution of a state in a mixed era (6).
22. The objective ego is a school composition (5).
23. While of egg which originates from fifty in centused Capital of Latvia (5).

R	E	S	I	D	E	N	T		W	O	W	S	E	R
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L	E	S	S	E	N		C	E	N	S	U	R	E	D

Solution to last week's crossword

Ring Shy

Continued from page 20

BLAIR found Paula's letter on his desk the following afternoon: "A circumstance beyond my control forces me to tender my resignation."

He went into the control-room when Paula had just begun her last broadcast.

Johnny came in. "Murder!" he said, staring unhappily at a stack of records on the desk where Paula sat. "Romeo and Juliet I gotta play tonight."

Blair entered Studio A as Paula was signing off. She smiled at him sweetly. "I was just leaving."

"Sit down, Paula."

"Sorry, Blair, I'm in a hurry."

"Sit down!"

Surprised, she sat back against the table.

"You're running away, Paula, and I'm not going to let you. You're running away because you're afraid, and I think I know why."

She looked uncomfortably at his feet.

"Your father is strong-willed, Paula. Because you're his daughter you're strong-willed, too.

"You were engaged twice. You broke one of your engagements; your fiance broke the other. But both for the same reason: Neither man was strong enough to make decisions for you. Marriage would have been a mistake. You're not giving yourself a fair chance. Two broken engagements shouldn't convince you you're not cut out for marriage."

She looked up at him, her lips white. "Is that all?"

"No. It isn't all." He stepped closer and cupped her head firmly in his big hands. Then he brought his mouth down on her stubborn lips and kissed till they softened.

He held her away from him and studied her eyes. "You liked that, Paula. You're going to marry me."

"I am not!" she said.

He drew her in again, but she turned fiercely and broke away. He saw her hand reach for the pile of records and ducked as one of them sailed over his shoulder. Another followed it.

"This proves I'm right. If I weren't you wouldn't be so mad." He ducked again. "Go on. Get it off your chest."

She raised the last record for the throw, then lowered her arm slowly and put it back on the table. She began to cry.

"Paula." He came closer. "I love you very much."

Blair was drying her cheeks with his handkerchief when Johnny came in.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Matthews. I've only got two minutes—" He stopped and surveyed the bits of broken record on the floor. "Romeo and Juliet?"

"Romeo and Juiet," Blair said.

"Then can I scrub 'em with an eight-beat boogie, Mr. Matthews?"

"What do you think, Paula?" Blair asked.

"Scrub 'em, Johnny," she said.

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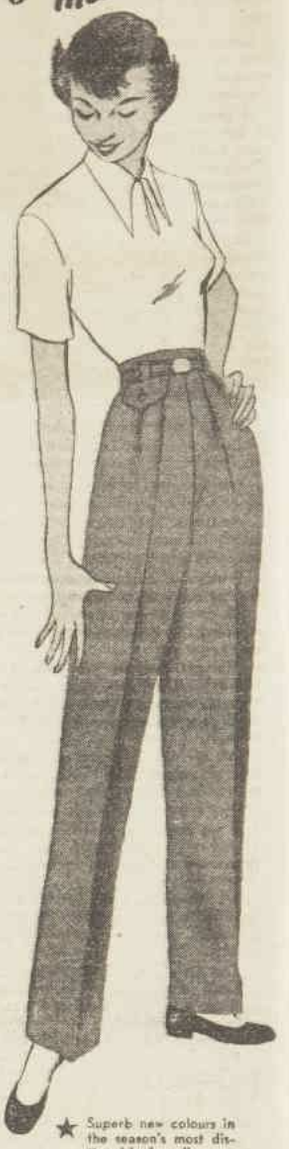
SLACKS in the "gentlemanly" manner



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WORTH Reporting

ON a whirlwind goodwill visit to Sydney, at the invitation of Lord Mayor O'Dea, the Mayor of Vancouver, Mr. Charles E. Thompson, paused long enough to discuss with us some of the problems of his home city.

Latest worry to responsible citizens of Vancouver is an alarming wave of vandalism, with teenagers as the culprits, Mayor Thompson said.

A puzzling feature was that most of the teenagers who were caught were children of well-to-do citizens. The authorities concluded that these youngsters of sophisticated and selfish parents were left too much to their own devices.

The position had improved since strong-arm tactics had been adopted towards both offending teenagers and their parents. "Parents were made to realise that unless they set their children an example by leading normal lives, they would have their children taken from them and put in corrective institutions," the Mayor said.

He added that Vancouver had a parking problem which was gradually being solved by a scheme whereby merchants in congested areas clubbed together to establish parking lots in their districts.

Revenue from parking meters, which charged the driver a nickel to park for an hour without being booked, was being used to purchase latest equipment to control traffic.

Mayor Thompson said his first surprise on reaching Sydney was to find the Town Hall carried a large auditorium. "Our City Hall, supposed to be the finest in Canada, has been built only 15 years, and nobody thought of incorporating an auditorium," he said.

"Also we have no Mayoress' rooms in the Hall. At home the Mayoress entertains officially in her home or at her club."

* * *

THE biggest gipsy encampment in Britain, at Belvedere, in Kent, is to be closed down. The 500 gipsies living there are to be found other accommodation.

The camp, started 50 years ago, has been attacked as an eyesore by rate-payers, and Erith Council has obtained powers to resume its 25 acres of shacks, tents, and caravans.

Most of the gipsies do not want to leave, and say they can find nowhere else to go. Mr. Crompton, Town Clerk of Erith, says: "The camp dwellers have adopted an attitude of passive resistance. Our letters and notices are all unanswered."

"Notice the time and steps saved by not running around it all the time to tuck in the other side?"

Australian jewellery shown abroad

SHOWING next week at the Rockefeller Centre, New York, will be the first collection of Australian costume jewellery ever exhibited abroad. The exhibition, which will later be displayed at the Toronto World's Fair and at Australia House, London, has been sponsored and subsidised as a dollar-earner by the Trade Promotion Section of the N.S.W. Department of Commerce and Agriculture.

The jewellery has all been made by D. H. Simpson, of Sydney, a firm that has been in existence only three years. None of its 28 employees had previously worked in a jeweller's workshop. Its top technicians are a former electrician and aircraft mechanic, and its 38-year-old head was a radio entertainer and producer before turning his hobby of making costume jewellery into a business.

Mr. Simpson is taking the collection to London to arrange for the Australian jewellery to be on sale in the gift shops of the Queen Mary and other liners making the Atlantic crossing, as well as in luxury ships going on Mediterranean cruises.

Sydney rector reports on English scene

MEN of wealth and rank in England who have had to move from their ancestral homes to live in cottages and stables are facing this new life imperturbably.

"In doing so, they are playing their part in a bloodless social revolution," says the Rev. E. J. Davidson, Rector of St. James' Church, Sydney, who returned from abroad recently.

"A man I met," said Mr. Davidson, "had let his Surrey home to the Presbyterian Church, while he lived in his stables."

Mr. Davidson went to a Toc H Movement conference there, and, with 50 other delegates, lived for a week surrounded by magnificent pictures by old masters, valued at £100,000, which the owner had left.

"The owner rode about the property in a jeep, attending to the farm concerns; but he came as a guest into his own parklands to play cricket with us," Mr. Davidson said.

"We held services in what had been his private chapel, a little church where I saw a plaque bearing the name of Hereward the Wake."

Mr. Davidson feels that much of the social change in England has grown from bomb damage in air raids.

"Most people feel that this social change was necessary and inevitable," he said. "But people deplore the loss of any sense of social responsibility that has accompanied it."

"And it will be just perfect when they start reviving the Charleston."

Wider life is sought for older women

IN the United States a real effort is being made to give older women with newly grown-up families a wider and more satisfying life.

The first step in the proposed programme to help mature women develop new interests and skills will be taken in July when the famous Vassar College begins its researches through a "workshop" of 60 women ranging in age between 40 and 60.

Dr. James M. Wood, president of the New York Women's Foundation with which Vassar is co-operating, says: "What can be done to remedy the undeniably bleak future that many a woman faces at the age of 45 after having completed a career of being a good wife and mother? As an individual, her best years for happiness and achievement should still lie before her.

"Because these women have not been taught how to use their energies constructively, they believe themselves unwanted and useless," he added.

In its programme to correct this state of affairs, Dr. Langmuir, director of Vassar Institute, reported the Institute will offer these women informal courses that should help them to see their own communities more clearly, value them more, and feel themselves a more important part of them. The idea is largely to stir up new ideas and add impetus to whatever work the women are already doing.

"Perhaps we can develop the idea that those who have no grandchildren nearby might 'adopt' a young family and relieve the busy young parents now and then. I don't suggest this as a sort of free baby-sitting service, but as a continuing relationship which—expanded—would be a definite contribution to the community," said Dr. Langmuir.

Saddlery firm now has feminine head

RUNNING a saddlery business is the man-size job being done by Mrs. Colin Morrison, of Melbourne, who succeeds her husband in the trade because it was his wish that the firm be kept going in the family name.

The business was founded 70 years ago by the late Alec Morrison, who couldn't make a saddle himself, employed first-class craftsmen to do it for him, and was acknowledged as one of the world's best judges of the finished product.

His sons, Keith and Colin, succeeded him, and now Mrs. Colin Morrison, young, capable, and pretty, carries on.

British Royalty has commissioned the firm on more than one occasion to make for them. The Duke of Windsor took one saddle home with him after his trip to Australia in '21, and ordered half a dozen more on his return to England. The Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of York both rode in Morrison saddles on their Australian tours.

Orders come from as far afield as China, India, America, Africa, Singapore, and England. The King of Siam is among the firm's customers.

Craftsmen who never tire of the feel of beautiful leather after many years in the business are foreman and bridle expert Jack Flett, Jimmy Brown, racing-saddle maker, and Fred Barnard, who specialises in polo saddles.

Pigskin, cow and kangaroo hide are the most commonly used leathers, though a big stock saddle covered with sheepskin was ordered by the Maharajah of Kolapur, who inspects parts of his province on horseback.

The most unusual order the Morrisons have had was for a special saddle for a man with a wooden leg.

So fine, so delicate and so fragrant, Lournay gives the skin a fragile loveliness that stays perfect. Lournay shades are exquisitely blended to flatter all skin types and there is a Lournay Liquid Powder Base of complementary shade to which your face powder will cling.

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MARJORY CARTER BRINGS YOU ANOTHER "AEROPHOS" SPECIAL

BRAN BREAD
an-easy-to-make delicious quick-bread

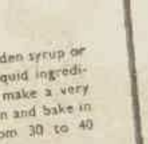
GIVES GREATER VOLUME WHEN BAKED WITH—SELF RAISING FLOUR containing "AEROPHOS"

3 heaped breakfastcups s.r. flour containing "Aerophos".
1 heaped breakfastcup bran.
1 tablespoon golden syrup or honey.
1½ breakfast cups hot water.
1 small cup milk
1 level teaspoon salt.

Sift flour and salt: add bran: dissolve golden syrup or honey into hot water; add milk. Stir liquid ingredients into flour and bran. This should make a very wet mixture. Pour into greased cake tin and bake in moderate oven (300-375 deg.) for from 30 to 40 minutes.

This bread slices beautifully for sandwiches and, thanks to "Aerophos", keeps fresh and moist for several days, and has greater volume without the use of yeast.

USE ONLY SELF RAISING FLOUR that contains "AEROPHOS"



the Double Acting RAISING INGREDIENT

CEN 10.882

The Little Princesses

Continued from page 23

LILIBET had a golden crown and a velvet tunic, and she was one of the Kings. The Black King was one of the evacuees, a colored boy, and the other King was also an evacuee.

We had the Little Child in the shepherd's hut, and that was Margaret. It was a simple scene with a rocking cradle.

She wore a little white dress and a string of turquoise beads, and she sang "Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild."

I can still see that little figure and the cradle. She had a most beautifully clear voice and she sang it all alone, with that great hall half full of people.

Unfortunately, I could not see what was happening when the play was actually given. We were behind two double doors at the back, so that we never saw the play in full production.

We ushered the children through and had them so well trained that they did the whole thing.

All who took part walked through the audience, Lilibet leading, carrying the frankincense and myrrh.

The shepherds were all schoolboys. They had scarves around their heads and very much looked the part, and did a very good murmuring scene.

The King and Queen were absolutely amazed at the entire performance, and so was everybody else.

That was the beginning of the children's acting. The money we got from that quite overwhelmed us. We felt we could not ask for money for the seats, but we passed a collection plate and got about thirty pounds.

The success of our first effort made us ambitious. One day I said half-jokingly, "I really believe we could do a pantomime." From that moment I had no peace. Margaret was after me incessantly.

"Crawfie, you did say——" she would begin a dozen times a week.

She produced drawings of Aladdin. She arranged all the parts. She talked pantomime constantly, and it was a great deal to do with her persistence that, in the end, we began to think very seriously about it.

Margaret knows what she wants, and she never lets go.

I spoke to the King about it one week-end.

He said, rather absently, obviously ready to do anything that would keep the children's minds busy and give them a little fun, "By all means have a pantomime, Crawfie, if you think it a good idea."

I don't think for a moment he took the matter seriously.

There was a schoolmaster at the Royal School at Windsor Great Park, named Hubert Tanner. The school was built by Queen Victoria for the estate children.

The schoolmaster was a delightful Welshman, who, at one time, I knew, had been a Gilbert and Sullivan actor himself and knew a lot about stagecraft and producing.

We invited him to tea, and he and I and the children talked it all over.

In the end, it was decided Mr. Tanner would write a pantomime for his own schoolchildren, bringing in all the jokes, and we would then fit in bits for the two Princesses. Then he would produce it at the castle.

It was not long before he brought us the script, which sounded wonderful, and we immediately began rehearsals, at which Mr. Tanner himself took charge.

This brought the two Princesses into touch with many other children, a thing I had always been keen on.

The leading man, who played opposite Lilibet, was one Cyril Wood, a delightful boy, and one of Mr. Tanner's star pupils.

Later, he was to enter the castle on the staff of the Controller of Supplies.

The two Princesses thoroughly enjoyed all the pantomime stunts, but most of all the scene where they both sat on one end of a bench while Cyril Wood sat on the other.

They then got up, and he fell on the floor. One day, by way of a change, he got up first, and they both collapsed on to the floor, to their intense amusement.

There was never any nonsense at these rehearsals, and Mr. Tanner saw to it that they were all children together, and no one was allowed to feel out of things or shy.

He had a great gift for putting young people at their ease. We all of us enjoyed these rehearsals very much.

Our first pantomime was "Cinderella." Margaret had long since made up her mind she would be Cinderella. Lilibet was principal boy.

Both the children did their parts extremely well, and in the coach scene Margaret was delightful.

There was an old sedan chair on which we put wheels. Margaret had a white wig on, and a crinoline dress, with a small patch on her face, and made a lovely picture as she sat looking out of the golden coach. She brought the house down.

We had wonderful choruses with songs, trained in great style. We drilled all those taking part right up to the very last moment.

All this was, of course, a great help in taking the young people's minds off the war and bringing them together with others of their own age.

To be continued

IN next week's instalment of The Little Princesses, Marion Crawford will tell the behind-the-scenes story of the Royal pantomimes, which were to become quite famous and an important part of the lives of Elizabeth and Margaret Rose. She also gives several delightful anecdotes of the Princesses' first meeting with American soldiers, and tells, as only she could, of Elizabeth's romantic feelings for a young officer stationed at Windsor. In grimmer vein is the description of the "doodle-bombs" which now terrified England, and of the first one which flew over the castle and landed on Windsor Racecourse.

In spite of the desire of the people that their Princesses should be protected, they could not be sheltered from the danger that menaced all England, and next week's instalment will also tell how Elizabeth, feeling this, at her own wish joined the Auxiliary Territorial Service as a driver.

QUEEN MARY was always, in spite of her age, one of the most tireless war-workers in the Royal Family. She expected everyone else to work as hard as she did, and paid many visits to the troops, encouraging and exhorting them. Here she is photographed in the woods at Badminton taking a hand at tree-sawing with a group of soldiers.

Competition No. 2 Now Open

POST YOUR ENTRY TODAY!

"White Cloud"

£2000 RECIPE COMPETITION

Competition No. 2 Closes 16th June
Competition No. 3 Closes . . . 28th July
Competition No. 4 Closes . . . 8th September

PURE VEGETABLE SHORTENING
ITS NEW · ITS IMPROVED

CONDITIONS

1. Full name and address (including State) to be signed clearly on each page. Indicate on each page section in which recipe is to be entered. Use one side only.
2. All submitted recipes must include the use of WHITE CLOUD pure vegetable shortening.
3. Measurements to be given by accurate weight or level measurements (level cup, level spoon).
4. Ingredients to be listed accurately in the order in which they are used; directions for mixing and cooking must be clear, complete, and concise.
5. If recipes are taken from books, magazines, or newspapers, name of publication must be given.
6. All recipes submitted become the property of Vegetable Oils Pty. Ltd., who reserve the right to print or publish any of them.

Post your entries to WHITE CLOUD, Box 64, P.O., Mascot, Sydney.

CAKES & PASTRIES

COMPETITION No. 2

All types of cakes are suitable, whether plain or iced. Tarts, pies and other pastries are acceptable entries in this competition also.

1st Prize £250
2nd Prize £100
3rd Prize £50
and 10 Prizes of £10 each.

THIS COMPETITION CLOSES 16th JUNE.

Enter Now

SPECIMEN RECIPE

"CAKES AND PASTRIES"

ORANGE CAKE

4 Ozs. White Cloud. *2 Eggs.*
¼ Cup Sugar. *2 Cups Self-raising Flour.*
2 Tablespoons Boiling Milk. *½ Level Teaspoon Salt.*
Grated Rind 1 Orange. *¾ Cup Milk.*

1. Cut White Cloud into a basin, add sugar, boiling milk, and finely-grated orange rind, and cream all thoroughly together.
2. Add eggs one at a time and beat well.
3. Sift flour and salt 3 times and add to creamed mixture alternately with milk to make a fairly soft mixture.
4. Place in a well-greased loaf tin and bake in a moderate oven about 45 minutes.
5. When cold, ice with Orange Icing.

ORANGE ICING

1½ cups sifted icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon melted White Cloud, orange juice.

1. Sift icing sugar into a small saucepan. Add melted White Cloud, then enough orange juice to mix to fairly stiff consistency.
2. Heat gently until icing is just warm. Pour over top of cake.

HOW TO USE "WHITE CLOUD"

White Cloud is a pure vegetable shortening and cooking fat which can be used in all situations where a fat is required. When preparing your Competition Entry, experiment will show you many new and fascinating ways to use this remarkable product.

When creaming with White Cloud, always add a little warm milk, and either grate or cut up into basin. This will make it easy to work and will also have the effect of making cakes and pastries keep moist and fresh longer.

White Cloud keeps almost indefinitely in any normal cool place.

Send 9d. in stamps for the NEW WHITE CLOUD recipe book to Vegetable Oils Pty. Ltd., 52 Gardeners Road, Mascot.

Watch Women's Weekly for early announcement of Prize-winners in Competition No. 1.

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FEEL SMOOTHER! Pamper the sensitive spots with extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Its silken sheet of protection insures you against chafing.

STAY DAINTIER! It's an inexpensive luxury to use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum lavishly and often. Gives your person the fragrance men love.

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum

with the fragrance men love

CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS INCLUDE FACE POWDER, POWDER BASE, LIPSTICK, ROUGE, CAKE MAKE-UP & BEAUTY CREAMS

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CATARRH of the DIGESTIVE ORGANS needs this soothing aid.

For the relief of catarrhal conditions of the digestive tract a course of Angier's Emulsion will prove beneficial. This palatable emulsion cleanses the mucous membrane and has a definite lubricating effect which checks distressing irritation. Angier's helps to build up health and vigour and strengthens resistive powers against illness.

In two sizes, from all Chemists.

Angier's EMULSION

Suppose You Meet Him

Continued from page 5

THE fact that she was facing a character she had created herself, and one who did not really exist, she could only put down to the sleeping pills. As soon as the effect of the pills wore off this fantastic young man would disappear.

A little apprehensive (for she had never had a hallucination before), Emilia turned away to study all the other occupants of the compartment, but she did not recognise any of them. She was quite sure she had never written any of them into a story.

Therefore, Emilia said to herself, the young man opposite should be no more than another stranger who reminded her of the character she had made up. She looked back. He was more like Adam Morrowailes than ever.

Emilia stared at him, hypnotised. She had not spent a fortnight of work in Adam Morrowailes' unwelcome company without knowing every detail of his appearance; she had built him up bone by bone, hair by hair, out of the recesses of her brain. The people she wrote about were photographically clear to her inward eye. Whether she described them fully or not, she knew every line of their imagined faces.

Besides, Adam Morrowailes was arresting in appearance, unusual. If Emilia shut her eyes she could see the keys of her typewriter tapping out the very words that drew his portrait; his firm nose, his hazel eyes with rounded lids, his temples, the shape of his mouth. She opened them and there he was.

Supernaturally converted into flesh, he sat with his knees a few inches from hers; a tall and pale and handsome man whom she could not possibly have seen before.

Now that the first shock had passed Emilia was less apprehensive than fascinated. It was strange; but strange things happen. Perhaps she had seen his picture in a newspaper or his face in a movie and had written about it without remembering where it came from.

She wondered whether he would be amused if she told him. In her search for the right words and phrases she stared contemplatively over his head at the luggage rack. Her eyes focused on a label which swung to and fro from the handle of a suitcase. It said: "Passenger: Adam Morrowailes. Destination: Cannes."

If Emilia had been apprehensive before, she was now speechless with alarm. An exact likeness was bad enough; but that the likeness should bear the right name, the one carefully chosen for the sole reason that it could not possibly belong to anyone real, lifted the whole thing to the level of a nightmare. Quite obviously, he was a hallucination.

Emilia began composing telegrams to the editor of "London Fair": "Please change name Adam Morrowailes to . . ." She shut her eyes. It struck her that changing the name was not enough. Adam Morrowailes, if he read the magazine at all, or if any of his girl friends read it, would recognise himself or be recognised under any name from Smith to Umbango.

She would have to rewrite the story. In its new form "London Fair" might not like it. Emilia realised she was in France only because the editor had liked it. It was all very difficult.

Emilia sighed and caught Adam Morrowailes' eye; he gave her a brief, malicious smile.

Emilia's answering smile was both faint and embittered.

Hastily she took a magazine out of her handbag. Reading was a purely mechanical exercise of the eyes, for she did not take in any of it. It seemed that hours had passed.

One of the passengers reached up to the rack for a bundle of newspaper, which he unwrapped to disclose a yard or so of French bread, some ham and sausage, a raw onion, and two oranges. He snapped out a knife and set to. As if it had been a signal, other parcels appeared. Even Adam Morrowailes produced a vacuum flask and poured coffee into the cap.

"Like some?" asked Adam Morrowailes.

Startled, Emilia looked up from the coffee and into his face. Her mouth had already opened to say yes. At the sight of his appallingly familiar features her instincts reasserted themselves. It was just like the scene in the story where Adam Morrowailes had offered Julie a cigarette in the foyer of the theatre. Julie had taken one. And look what had happened to her!

"No, thank you," said Emilia.

She leaned back and shut her eyes to discourage him from talking to her. His face disappeared, leaving her able to concentrate more fully on her thirst. Immediately she felt she had been a fool.

After all, she wasn't a complete moron like Julie; she was an adult and equipped with common sense. Even if she couldn't stop identifying the Adam Morrowailes in the compartment with the Adam Morrowailes in the story, drinking some of his coffee wouldn't have meant she was going to share his taxi or let him drive her somewhere in the moonlight, as Julie had done. And even if she did get in a taxi with him she could take care of herself.

Nevertheless, Emilia was stubborn; she would not open her eyes and say meekly she had changed her mind, sorry, please could she have some coffee after all? She wished she could go to sleep again. She could not take any more sleeping pills, for some even more unsettling apparition might face her on waking.

EMILIA was accustomed to looking cool and fresh; now her skin felt glutinous and dirty, her nose shone, her lips were dry, her suit was rumpled, and only heaven knew what heat and pressure were doing to her coat.

Everyone except Emilia appeared to go to sleep. The train rattled on through the night. Emilia looked at her watch every half hour or so. Adam Morrowailes slept peacefully. With a hazy curiosity Emilia watched him. He looked wrong; she associated his face with green silk pyjamas and a bedside lamp.

Hours and hours passed. The furnace under the seat burned steadily; she would not have been surprised, if she had had the energy to look, to see nothing left of her stockings but a charred fringe.

The travellers were not quiet and relaxed in the small hours of the morning; they rustled and twitched restlessly, roused and slept, snored and groaned. The train ran into a station. It was Valence.

Adam Morrowailes got up abruptly and executed an intricate manoeuvre over legs and knees and vanished down the corridor. He came back with two wax paper cups of fresh coffee and a roll with pieces of ham flapping out of the sides. Thrusting the roll and one of the coffees at Emilia, he said, "Here."

"Oh, thank you," said Emilia. "Thank you very much." She drank the coffee and finished the roll. The train started off again.

Emilia was so much recovered that soon she began to be perturbed about her appearance. She put on powder and lipstick, combed her hair and felt a great deal better. One must be polite, she said to herself, and out loud she said, "I'm really very grateful."

Please turn to page 29

World-famous baritone

PETER DAWSON

says:

"Horlicks and I are old friends. I've found it the most nourishing of all food drinks."

Peter Dawson and Horlicks are life-long friends. Peter says: "Wherever I go in the British Empire I enjoy my Horlicks. I find it helps to keep me going in top form. And, believe me, a concert artist needs to be fit—*all the time.*"

Just like Peter Dawson, *you'll* enjoy the delicious, distinctive flavour of Horlicks. And, like Peter, you'll find that Horlicks will give *you* extra energy.

The full satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is Nature's flavour . . . that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to build them up . . . to nourish the body and nerves . . . and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But—whatever the reason—everyone enjoys Horlicks. It is equally delicious hot or cold.

Rich in these food values

—when mixed as directed

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HORLICKS

8-oz. tin 2/2 16-oz. tin 3/6

Prices slightly higher in country areas.

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Knitted in dainty patterns on the most modern machines.

Sold separately, or as a twin-set, the cardigan is a fitted basque style, while the pull-over is in two styles—long or short sleeves, with crew neck or Peter Pan collar.

GUARANTEED PURE WOOL—IN A DELIGHTFUL RANGE OF COLOURS

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...dream girl, dream girl,
Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
...hair that gleams and glistens
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Tonight!..Show him how much lovelier your hair can look.. after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Tonight he can SEE your hair sparkling with unexpected sheen... FEEL your hair caressably soft and silky ... if you use LUSTRE-CREME to-day. Only Lustre-Creme brings you Kay Daumit's magic formula for glamorising hair as you wash it. A blend of secret ingredients *plus* gentle lanolin, Lustre-Creme gives "loveliness lather" even in the hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean and free of loose dandruff; gives new, shimmering beauty to all "hair-dos" or permanents. Beauty-wise American women have made LUSTRE-CREME America's favourite cream shampoo. Try it! You'll love the lovely results.

PRICES: MEDIUM, 1/6 LARGE, 2/11

Not a Soap!
Not a Liquid!
But Kay Daumit's rich Lathering Cream Shampoo with Lanolin

In a tube for your convenience

LCT/160

Glamour on ice!

Lovely Maureen Cooney of Cremorne is one of Sydney's keenest skating fans. During the winter, she's usually on the ice every night. "I get cold in these brief skating suits" says Maureen "but I never have to worry about 'flu. The moment I leave the rink, I order a cup of steaming hot Bonox. Bonox seems to put new life into me." Let steaming hot Bonox keep you fit this winter. It sends warmth and renewed strength racing through your whole system, raises your resistance, helps you combat colds and 'flu. Enjoy steaming hot Bonox at any time. Keep a bottle at home where it is particularly useful for soups and gravies as well as for hot, nourishing drinks.

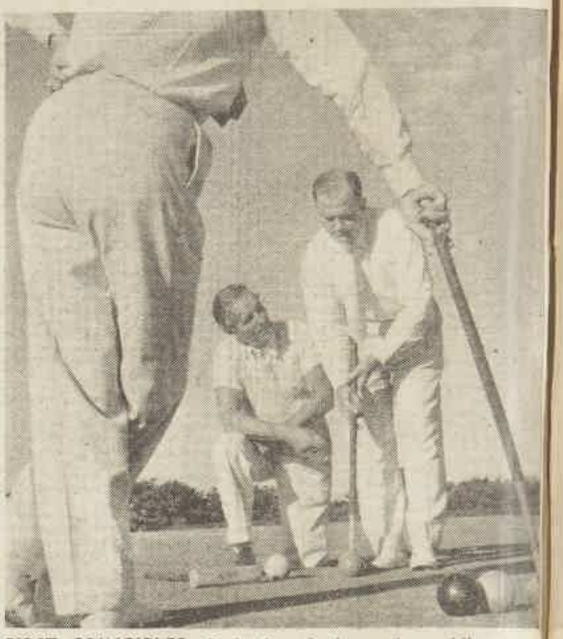
604

CROQUET AS A MAN'S GAME

MAJOR ROBERT TINGEY, a leading English croquet player now living in Australia, deplores the fact that croquet is not popular with men in this country.

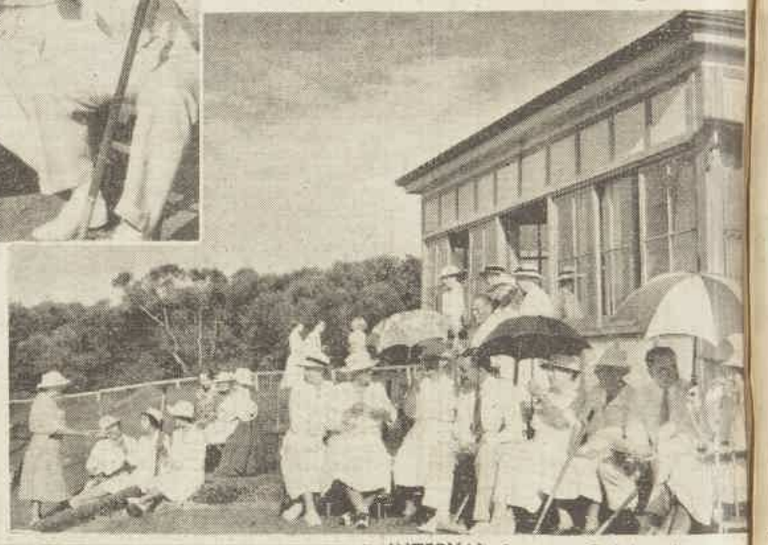
Here it is played mainly by women, but in other countries where it is popular, men players outnumber women. In Cairo army officers play it at the Gezira Sporting Club and in England it is also played by men, particularly at the big Hurlingham and Roehampton clubs.

Major Tingey brought international sportsmen Jack Crawford (tennis star) and Rugby League footballer Ross McKinnon to Mosman, N.S.W., Croquet Club to show them the finer points of the game.



FIRST PRINCIPLES. Jack Crawford watches while Major Tingey shows Ross McKinnon how to grip mallet for a shot. Players walk four to ten miles in a game.

WOMEN'S angle. N.S.W. Champion Mrs. Florence Rogers gives Jack Crawford and Ross McKinnon a few pointers on croquet. Players stoop as many as 2000 times in a game.



INTERVAL for tea. Opinion is divided on having men members of N.S.W. clubs, as in other States.

JUMP SHOT. This is difficult to do, as jumping ball must rise high enough to clear ball directly in its path. Major Tingey says if men are admitted to N.S.W. clubs croquet standard will rise.

FINER POINTS crop up early for Ross and Jack. If ball touches either uprights stroke is a foul.

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He'll find you *irresistible* with Cashmere Bouquet *Colourfast* Lipstick

IT'S your lips that say you're lovely . . . lips like living silk . . . lips with a dewy, luscious look to turn a man's head — and heart. That is why *HE* finds you irresistible when you highlight your mouth with Cashmere Bouquet. What other lipstick has such *creamy* texture, and such glorious, glowing, *indelible* shades? And only the improved Cashmere Bouquet smooths on like a kiss. Yes, ask a man and see approval mirrored in his eyes!

5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly — here's how you can stop!

Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit . . . and establish your natural powers of regularity. 82% of the cases tested did it. So can you.

Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills. 2nd week—one each night. 3rd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day: drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

Suppose You Meet Him

Continued from page 27

ADAM MORROWAILES smiled. "People have died like flies," he said, "through trying to reach the south with improperly equipped expeditions."

"I thought there was going to be a restaurant-car."

"When I trekked through in '38 the railway embankment from Marseilles to Toulon was piled six deep with bodies who'd thought there was going to be a restaurant-car."

"It's much farther than it seemed to be on my map," said Emilia. "When I decided to go this afternoon, I mean yesterday afternoon, I shut my eyes and saw a map of France and it looked quite a short distance."

"Could your map have been too small?"

Emilia said absently, "It does seem so odd when you say the wrong things."

"I am so sorry," said Adam Morrowailes. "Have I said something wrong?"

"I mean," said Emilia, confused, "no, I mean . . . I looked at your label . . . Is your name really Adam Morrowailes?"

"Yes; why? It's hardly the sort of name anyone would make up."

"That's just the point," Emilia said. "It is. I did."

"Sorry," said Adam. "My mind gets feeble before dawn. You did what?"

"Well, you see," said Emilia, "it all sounds fantastic but it's perfectly true; I'm a writer. I wrote a story about a man—well, I had to think of a name for him. It had to be an unusual one, because—"

Emilia paused; this was becoming difficult. "I woke up in the middle of the night," she said, "and I thought of Adam Morrowailes. It came to me like an inspiration; it was the sort of name no one could possibly have. I mean that's what I thought. So I used it."

"Well," he smiled his terribly familiar smile, "I'll have to be paid for that. Would ten per cent. be fair?"

Emilia said, "I haven't told you the worst part."

"Oh?"

"Have you ever seen me before?" she asked.

"No, I don't think I have," said Adam, studying her very closely, disconcertingly. "I'm sure I should have remembered."

"I'm sure I haven't seen you either," said Emilia, "but that's just the point. My Adam Morrowailes was you."

"You mean he looked like me?"

"Exactly like you."

"Extraordinary. And behaved like me?"

"Well, I—" Emilia went pink. "I don't know how you behave," she said. "I mean—"

"You need go no further," said Adam Morrowailes. "I get it. I was a cad. It's all very peculiar, I do see that: you wake up in the train and there I am, behaving all by myself after being written down. I couldn't think why you looked so appalled."

"I thought you were a hallucination. I thought it was the sleeping pills. You see, I took two before I left, to pass the time."

"Well, perhaps I am; maybe I just think I'm somebody when really I only exist in your mind. But in that case," said Adam regretfully, discarding what was apparently a rather engaging theory, "I can only be about three weeks old. And the fact is, I can distinctly remember falling out of a high-chair in nineteen twenty-one."

"Oh, I'm sure you're quite real, now," said Emilia. "It was only at first."

"And the reason you refused my offer of coffee was because if your Adam Morrowailes had offered a strange young woman coffee it was because he had a shady interest in her?"

"You're horribly perceptive," said Emilia, going pink again.

"I know. But perhaps I'm interested, too, now. I suppose I'll be able to retire on the damages to my character, if I invest them carefully."

"Well, I could stop publication."

"Yes, you could, of course. But I expect it's gone to press and they wouldn't be very pleased. However, I don't think my motives are sinister to that degree. Are you going to the Riviera, too?"

"I was."

"Was? If I promise not to turn into the other Adam Morrowailes or bring a libel action, will you go?"

"I might," said Emilia. Through the window she saw a light swim past; the glass was wet but clear. "Look," she said. "It's warmer. The ice has gone."

"And it's nearly dawn."

Emilia pressed her forehead against the window and put up her hands to shut out the corridor's light; out of woolly greyness a line of cypresses advanced, swung past them, and retreated. Emilia felt she had been on the train for weeks. "Imagine the Trans-Siberian Railway," she said aloud, after a silence.

"You imagine it," said Adam Morrowailes, "on the right sort of map, of course. It will make this trip seem a lot shorter."

"It doesn't make me look or feel any cleaner."

"Of course I don't know how you feel but you look very nice," said Adam encouragingly. "In fact so nice that one wonders how you come to be travelling alone. That's what one wonders; but of course one doesn't ask."

PATIENTLY Emilia explained: "I like travelling alone. And you sound exactly like my mother. She goes on about it."

"About what?"

"About why don't I marry and settle down."

"Why should you?" said Adam Morrowailes. "Why don't you?"

"Because I don't want to settle down and I haven't met anyone I want to marry."

"I haven't either, and yet one can't move without falling over people. Our standards must be exacting. It's so much easier in fiction; characters trip over their soulmates on every page. Did your Adam Morrowailes hook his fish and marry?"

"No," said Emilia, blushing.

"Well, unless she was a millionairess I don't suppose matrimony was what he was after. Did she smack him down in time?"

"We're getting to a station — look."

"Avignon."

Adam Morrowailes climbed down to the platform and came back with more ham rolls and coffee and two mandarins. They ate standing up in the corridor.

The windows were free of ice but the draught began to penetrate their bones. Emilia stamped her feet. Adam Morrowailes said, "Cold? Perhaps we'd better go back to the oven."

Daylight underlined the squalor in the compartment, but Emilia had got the journey into perspective. Now and again she glanced at Adam and now and again he pointed out something in the landscape and she answered him.

At every glance he became a little more real, became still more himself, moved farther away from Adam Morrowailes, the smooth type in the story. He sat in his shirt sleeves, tieless; his hands, like everyone else's, were grimed with travelling, his hair stood up in spikes, a faint stubble clouded his cheeks and chin.

Please turn to page 31

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Distinguished Korean pays goodwill visit

Korea, one of the world's newest and most interesting republics, chose one of its eminent men to visit Australia and New Zealand on a goodwill mission. He is Dr. John Myun Chang, Korea's first Ambassador to the U.S.A.

Recognised in his homeland as a distinguished educator, Dr. Chang took an active part in the formation of the Korean Government after its liberation from Japanese domination in 1945.

HE was chief of the Korean delegation to the United Nations General Assembly at the 1948 Paris session and at Lake Success in New York, and visited Rome as Special Emissary to the Vatican.

Dr. Chang's fluent English — which he modestly deprecates as being "full of mistakes"—was learnt when he was a university student in America. He has the gentleness and charm of manner that is so often possessed by those who have spent much of their time among books.

He has translated two works into Korean. They are "The Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons; and "The Life of St. Gemma Galgani."

Dr. Chang comes from a distinguished family, though he refers to himself with modest charm as "a very ordinary man of no special interest."

His brother Louis is an artist and Dean of the Fine Arts College of the National Seoul University, his second brother, Paul, is an aeronautical engineer, and one of his sisters is Mother Superior of the Sisters of the Holy Mother in Korea.

"Korean women, who until 50 years ago were forced to lead lives confined to their homes and lacking in all social activity, are to-day playing an influential part in public affairs," said Dr. Chang.

"After being detained in back rooms for centuries, they have now shown their ability to take part in national and social life. They have proved themselves simply marvellous."

In 1945, after 45 years of semi-feudalism under Japanese domination, Korea emerged as a modern State with a constitution giving equal voting power to men and women.

Woman Minister

ITS government was faced with the task of reorganising a whole country and people along modern, efficient lines. To this task wise, humorous Dr. John Chang had much to contribute.

The vigorous campaign conducted by Korean women resulted in a former college president, Louise Yim, being elected to the National Assembly and to the important post of Minister for Commerce.

Already the many thousands of women and girls working in the Korean textile industry are protected by modern factory laws. The Women's Bureau of Welfare, created by the Korean National Government after the country's liberation, is the central body administering women's benefits.

"Many women have worked in Government departments during the past five years," Dr. Chang said. "Prominent among them is Dr. Evelyn Coles, Ph.D., who heads the Women's Bureau of Welfare.

"Dr. Helen Kim, president of Ewha Women's University, is another outstanding Korean woman.

"Most of our women who are now leading full lives as doctors, lawyers, and teachers evaded Japanese restrictions and escaped to America to continue their education.

"To-day many Korean women are following missionary and nursing careers, and at least 300 Korean-born Catholic nuns are working in hospitals, orphanages, and schools.

"Korean girls are very musical. A Korean soprano, Cha Kyung Kim, is giving a recital at Carnegie Hall, New York, this month.

"Even in the past, when their lives were so restricted, Korean women were well educated, and frequently contributed to their country's literary culture.

"It is the cultural example of such women, persisting down the ages, that has enabled Korean women to play so strong and valuable a part in their country's new life," Dr. Chang said.

As a young man Dr. Chang's interest was in farming, and he attended the Soo Won Government Agricultural School for four years before going to the Y.M.C.A. English School at Seoul.

Wishing to make teaching his career, he then went to America, where he took his B.A. and M.A. degrees at Manhattan College, New York.

On his return to Korea Dr. Chang first taught at the Roman Catholic Maryknoll Mission for five years, and then became principal of the Tong Sung Middle School and the Cathedral School at Seoul.

His American university in 1948 conferred on him an honorary LL.D. degree.

As well as playing a leading part in the educational programme of the Republic of Korea, Dr. Chang has helped mould the purpose and activities of its newly created social organisations.

He is a former chairman of the Catholic Young Men's Federation, and during the politically important years between 1945 and 1948 was vice-chairman of the Korean American Association. He has also served as editorial adviser to the daily paper "Kyung Hyang," which has the largest circulation of any paper in Korea.

KOREAN AMBASSADOR to U.S.A., Dr. John Myun Chang, who has been visiting Australia on a goodwill mission.

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Suppose You Meet Him

Continued from page 29

EMILIA could not visualise her Adam Morrowailes unshaven, grubby, and half-dressed. She could not imagine the real one luring Julie into a taxi. For minutes at a time she forgot how very odd it was that he should be there at all.

Water stretched across the southern horizon: the Mediterranean. Clouds hung over the hills, which closed in, grew into mountains, swallowed the train in tunnels, parted to show triangles of turquoise sea. The sun came out. Emilia kept ducking her head to see the creamy summits of rock against the sky.

"Goats," said Adam Morrowailes. "Goats with bells. Look, Emilia."

Emilia looked at the goats. "Oh, angels," she said and stopped. Her gaze travelled round with awful slowness and came to rest on him. She said, "How did you know my name was Emilia?"

Adam Morrowailes put up a hand and arranged an imaginary tie. After a pause, suddenly airy, he said, "Well, how did you know my name was what it is?"

"Because it's on your luggage label. But mine isn't. It has only my first initial, E. It might be Ellen or Edith or anything."

"Enid," said Adam Morrowailes. "Eugenie. Esmeralda."

"Don't change the subject. You've seen me before."

"No, I haven't. I'm quite sure I haven't, really. I've never——"

"Then how did you know?"

"Well, look, I can explain. I'll tell you later, only don't keep pointing at me like that. You'll——"

"You knew all the time," said Emilia in a sort of controlled frenzy. "You let me think you were a hallucination and all the time you could have explained, you could have stopped me from worrying. If I——"

"Well, by the time you told me, you didn't think I was a hallucination any more," said Adam reasonably.

"I think you're quite foul."

Adam Morrowailes looked round the carriage and met six pairs of fascinated eyes. They all darted from him to Emilia and back.

Emilia said, "You might at least have——"

"Outside," said Adam. He picked his way among the feet and fell into the corridor. Emilia followed, glaring at him. Her glare was dark-lashed and luminously grey. "Now," she said menacingly.

"All right," he said. "I've never seen you. I didn't know who you were till you told me about the story. But then I did, because I've read it."

Emilia stared; two delicate and threatening vertical lines appeared on her forehead. She said, "Read it? How could you have read it? It's just gone to 'London Fair' in manuscript."

"I know," said Adam Morrowailes. "But you see, I am 'London Fair's' associate editor."

Opening her mouth but emitting no sound, Emilia sat down on someone's suitcase. At last she said, "But the editor didn't say anything."

"Oh, Ellingham likes a joke. He——"

"But he won't be able to publish it."

"Like heck he won't," said Adam. "He'll publish it all right; it's a nice story. He's written to you by now to ask you to change my name and I dare say he'll alter the shape of my face or something, but that's all. I know I should have told you before but it was such a nice situation."

It was only at this point that Emilia said, "But it still doesn't explain how I knew about you."

"Well, you must have seen me somewhere and forgotten it. Perhaps someone pointed me out. Were you at the publishers' party in November? It was crawling with writers; I didn't see a quarter of them."

"Yes, I was," said Emilia. She frowned. "I was with Ellingham. He did keep pointing people out. He—I'm not sure," she said, "perhaps he did. How awful. Your face must have gone into my subconscious and come up in the story; and then I wanted a name for it and that came up out of my subconscious, too.

"Now I come to think of it, when I first imagined Adam I did picture him sort of leaning up against a wall and drinking and looking superior. I suppose I only saw you for a moment and that's what you were doing, so I made you into that sort of character. I'm horribly absent-minded; my subconscious must be full of things I think I've made up."

"Whose isn't? You should have been there when the story arrived; it was enthralling for everybody but me. Of course they gave me a bad time about Julie and the hotel. They said we ought to illustrate it with photos instead of drawings."

"Did you come all the way down here just to murder me?"

"Merely a vacation," Adam said, "the best one I've ever had."

"Oh, dear," said Emilia, "I should have known I couldn't have thought up a name like that."

"Do you think mine is a really revolting name?" said Adam dispiritedly.

"I think it's rather amusing."

"I'm glad you do, because — this must be Toulon," he said, and the train stopped.

"Because what?" said Emilia.

THEY were engulfed in a stampede of people getting out and getting in. Struggling back to their seats, they sat panting and smiling, jammed opposite each other.

The train moved on. By now the corridor was full as well as the compartment; there was nowhere to talk. They could not shout across under the absorbed gaze of all the other passengers, who hoped for another scene.

Because what, Emilia thought. The train crawled; it stopped here and there and more people got on. She looked resignedly at her face in the little mirror, resignedly put on another layer of powder. She thought she had never felt dirtier or more crumpled in her life.

Through the window the Mediterranean was peacock-blue, the rocks were rose-colored, the mimosa was coming into flower. When they got out at Cannes she was surprised to find it was still cold; but it was warmer than in Paris and the sun was out. Stiff, dirty, but glowing with achievement, they stood on the platform.

"Where are you staying?" he said.

"I don't know," said Emilia. "I didn't have time to reserve a room."

"Well, you could come to my hotel; they probably have locks on the doors. Or if you want to be even more respectable there's probably another hotel on the same street. I suppose you wouldn't share my taxi . . . May I call you Julie?"

"If you do I shall walk."

"I bet she wished she had," said Adam, seizing her arm, opening the door, and getting in beside her. The driver turned round for instructions; he looked inquiringly at them over a large moustache.

"Pardon, Monsieur?" he said. But there was no answer; Monsieur and Madame were not paying attention. He shrugged his shoulders and sat there waiting.

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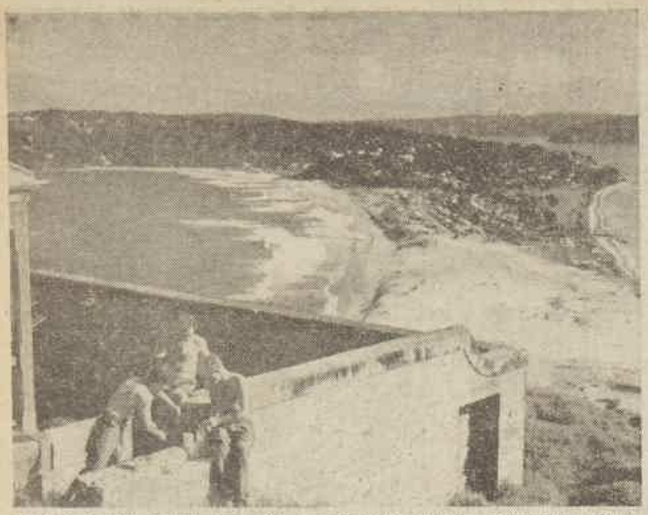
Old lighthouse cottage now

Art student has lease of ruin on lovely Palm Beach headland for 5/- a week

A spirit of adventure and plenty of enterprise have enabled a 26-year-old Sydney sculpture student to solve housing and studio problems by leasing a lighthouse-keepers' abandoned cottage for 5/- a week.

The student is Bruen Finey, son of well-known artist George Finey. The house is a six-roomed cottage at Barrenjoey, Palm Beach, N.S.W. For years it has been ravaged by rats during the week and vandals at week-ends.



MAGNIFICENT VIEW from No. 1 Lighthouse Cottage, Barrenjoey, shows breakers rolling in along Palm Beach on the left. Pittwater is on the right. Front of the house faces this way.

ALL that is left of the once snug dwelling is a stone shell with an iron roof.

Bruen, who is at East Sydney Technical College under the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme, is in his last term and wants somewhere to live and work.

He has found in some fellow students equally ardent spirits, who will share the back-breaking job of making the house comfortable and form the nucleus of a small community with the arts as their great common interest.

The idea of taking the house first came to him when he was spending a day at Palm Beach in 1947.

Enchanted by the position, more than 300 feet above the Pacific, with a magnificent view in all directions, Bruen was ready to tackle anything to make it his home.

His first step was to find out which Government department controlled the house. It proved to be the Department of the Interior.

Barrenjoey headland, once the 400-acre farm of Larkfield, granted to an early settler in 1816, is now Commonwealth land reserved for use by the Army when it is required for defence, but at present administered by the Department.

Young Finey immediately applied for a lease, but it was not until January, 1949, that the transaction was complete, and Bruen received his passport to paradise—an official letter notifying him that he had a five years' lease of No. 1 House, Barrenjoey.

Since then he has sweated and toiled week-end by week-end to make the house habitable.

To make it so you would need what Bruen has—youth, enthusiasm, an undaunted spirit, and plenty of muscular strength—or a bottomless purse.

From the water's edge he and his friends carry on their shoulders every piece of material used. The only road is a narrow, steep track, strewn with big boulders and cut by deep gutters.

It would be impassable for any vehicle except a jeep with a four-wheel drive, or a horse and dray, such as the former lighthouse-keepers' furniture was brought in.

One glorious day, with the pleasure-seeking Palm Beach week-end crowd forming a background to the hard slogging of the Barrenjoey boys, I joined the working party.

David Hain and John Giles, two other members of the group, were with Bruen.

First scene of operations was alongside the golf links. Each lad in turn trundled a barrow, laden with materials, from the roadway to a nearby beach, where two launches were loaded to the Plimsoll line.

Cargo varied from huge doors to chair legs, and included an iron bedstead. It was a job lot the new tenants had picked up from a city hospital, and it had been stripped from an outpatients' section.

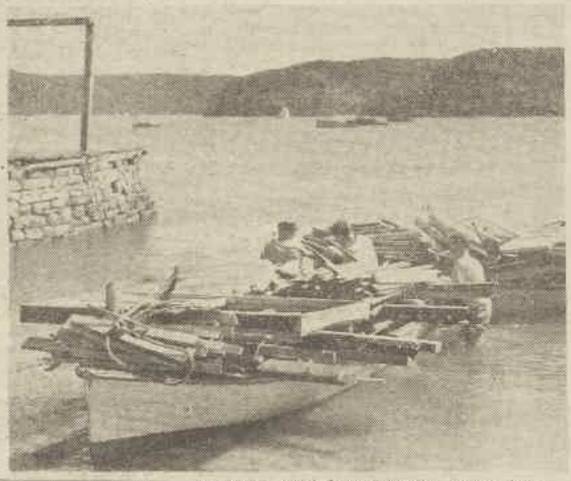
Working hard in the sun, the boys aroused the interest and sympathy of Mrs. E. Silverton, who brought from her home beer and biscuits to give them fresh heart.

It was a gesture you would expect from Mrs. Silverton, who remarked: "Well, dear, what I say is a little kindness never hurts you and I can't tell you all the happiness that has come to me because I've been kind to people."

When I asked Mrs. Silverton how I would address something she asked me to send her she replied: "Just sent it to 'Auntie, Palm Beach.' Everyone here knows me."

"Auntie" Silverton has a special interest in Barrenjoey, for the house next to Bruen's was once her home. She came from New Zealand and brought with her some beautiful

PICTURESQUE little settlement nestling at the foot of Barrenjoey Headland is inhabited mainly by fishermen. Boys now living at lighthouse unload junk bought for rebuilding and then store it in old shed.



WADING waist-deep into the water, boys bring ashore two launches laden with materials for repairs. Old jetty was once busy scene when Broken Bay was port.

LONG TREK from the beach to the lighthouse means strenuous hauling for Bruen, David, and John. Freestone is plentiful around lighthouse, and will be used by Bruen for sculpting. On every trip boys carry something from the store in shed at beach. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

PUBLIC NOTICE, once in outpatients' section of a Sydney hospital, is among material Bruen is taking to a launch.

SMOKO for the Barrenjoey boys when brought them beer and biscuits to work. Mrs. Silverton once

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sculptor's studio

By BETTY WILKINSON, staff reporter

furniture made of a prized New Zealand wood.

Mrs. Silverton and a friend used to run a tea-room in the house, but they were driven out by snakes, although the business brought in £5 a week.

Snakes have not daunted the boys. David has already stood on one.

When they were fully loaded the launches chugged off down the bay to the beach at the foot of Barrenjoey Headland.

Bruen stores all his materials in a roomy, ramshackle boatshed near the old jetty on the Pittwater side.

"Every time we climb to the top we carry something," he said.

First job Bruen did was to fill in the great windows from which when the frames had been taken, and to make a strong door for at least one room so that tools and materials would not "go off."

As everything is on the spacious scale of last century, the shutters for each window measure seven feet by three. That means a lot of carrying and a lot of carpentering.

Shutters will be painted yellow and the wooden posts around the long stone-paved verandahs white.

Big rooms

ON the first floor, which is the level on which the house is entered, are six beautiful big rooms, each with its own fireplace, and a fine hallway, 33 feet long and six feet wide.

Old sandstone steps, worn into hollows in the centre, lead down to the kitchen and bathroom, on the floor below.

So far the bathroom is still a shambles, and the bath is still on the beach.

Opening from the kitchen is the courtyard, surrounded by a 12ft. wall of solid stone, where the boys hope to have a vegetable garden, sheltered from the winds that sweep around the solid old house.

In this courtyard is a huge well, more than 15ft. deep, which was filled with junk when the boys took over. They had to siphon out the water, then climb in, and remove all the oddments that had been thrown in, including galvanised iron pipes and bedsteads.

An eager volunteer loader and unloader on the day of my visit was John Arblaster, grandson of one of the lighthouse-keepers, John Berryman, whose widow still lives at the foot of Barrenjoey.

She recalls settling into the fine six-roomed house. All her furniture, brought from Newcastle, where her husband had been stationed, was landed on the jetty, and taken by horse-drawn lorry up the steep slope.

There was a light on the headland as early as 1855, but it was only lit in rough weather. The first permanent light was established in 1868, at a cost of £300 for the tower and £85 for the light.

In 1880 the foundation stone was laid of the present splendid tower, which is 38 feet high, and whose beam can be seen 25 miles at sea. It gives four flashes every 20 seconds.

The last of the keepers left the house in 1932, when the present unattended light first operated.

In the lighthouse visitors' book there is this rather wistful record: "On the night of 13th August, 1932, no person was on the station for the first time since the light was established in 1868."

Bruen showed us, near his house, the gravestone of George Mulhall, who died at his lighthouse job in 1881. His grave bears this message:

"All ye that come my grave to see
Prepare in time to follow me,
Repent at once without delay,
For I in haste was called away."

The jetty, with its solid stone base and old loading gear, is a reminder that from 1843 until 1900 this quiet little spot was the landing stage for a customs house, used as long as Broken Bay ranked as a port.

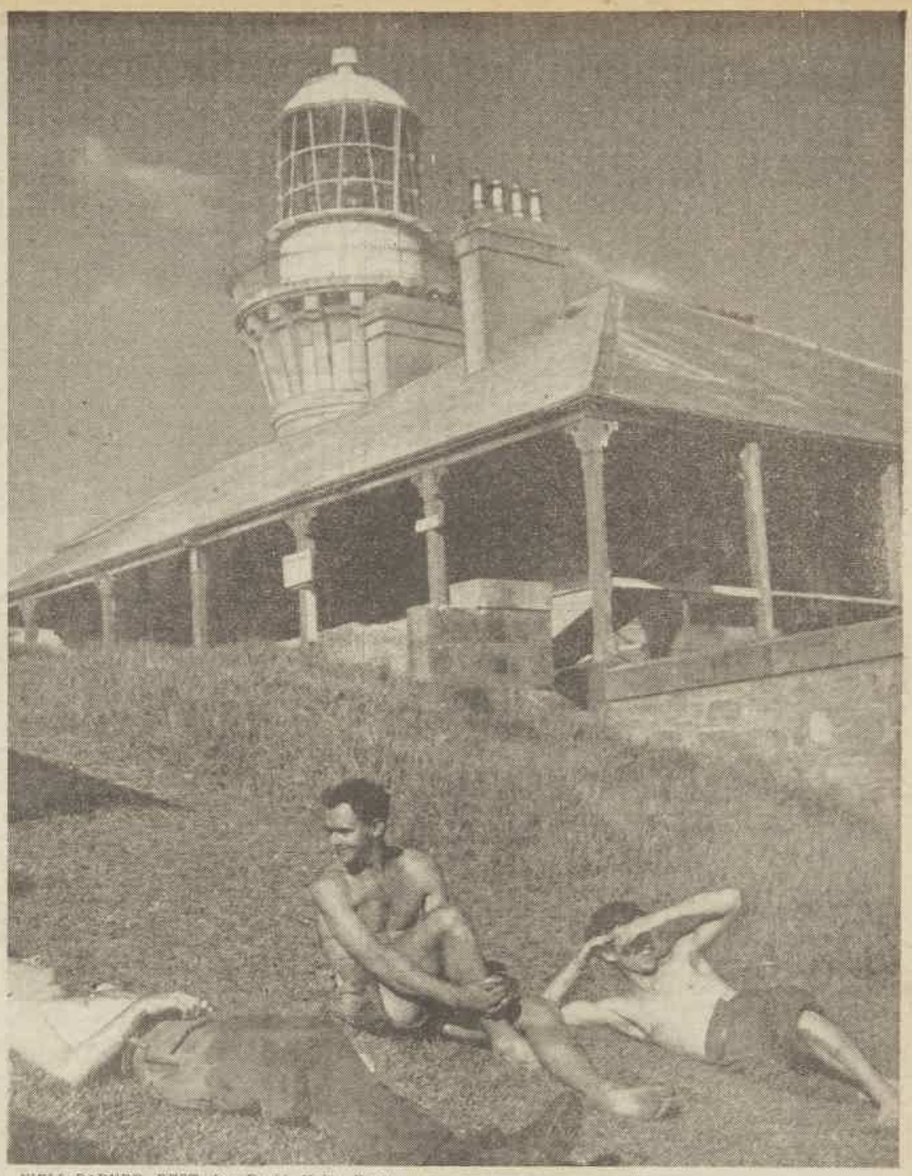
There is a firm belief among the residents of Barrenjoey headland that the first big thefts from Bruen's house took place overnight in a well-organised raid. One theory is that the thieves lowered their loot on ropes from the cliff to a great flat rock below, where it is possible for a sea-going boat to pull alongside.

The thieves left all the nails in neat piles when they stripped it of fixtures.

To the fishermen and their families who live in the shelter of the great cliff, the activities of the Barrenjoey Boys are a source of much interest.

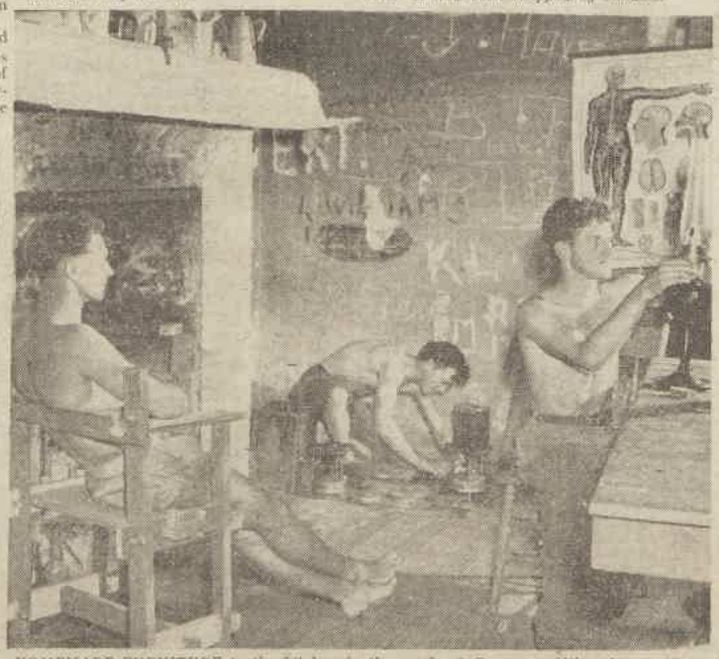
Said Bruen, standing on the huge stone wall of his courtyard, and looking round: "There's only one trouble here—you're working away at some job or other, and you look up, get lost in a dream, just looking, and looking, and before you know where you are you've wasted ages."

But I doubt if Bruen regards that time as really wasted.



WELL-EARNED REST for David Hain, Bruen Finey, and John Giles after carrying materials from the beach to the house they are making liveable. It had been stripped by vandals.

A kindly neighbor, Mrs. E. Silverton, helps them through their morning's work in a tea-room at the house.



HOMEMADE FURNITURE in the kitchen is the work of Bruen. Although primitive, it is solid. Defaced walls are typical of the vandalism in the old house, but the boys are confident that they will restore it in time. Each will have a room to himself.

WATER SUPPLY for No. 1 House, Barrenjoey, is a huge underground well in the courtyard. David Hain lowers one bucket, fills it, and then pours it into a second one.

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Now he wishes he'd said—
POTTER'S ANTI-SHRINK

You, too, have suffered choking collars, shrinking sleeves, short tails, tight cuffs on shirts that have let you down by shrinking after washing. Pelaco manufactures a shirt that combines all the qualities you have hoped to find. Definitely ANTI-SHRINK, this new shirt assures perfect fit, comes wi.'s collar attached or two separate collars.

POTTER'S ANTI-SHRINK SHIRTS
MADE BY Pelaco

CANNOT SHRINK
CANNOT STRETCH
CANNOT FADE
EASY TO WASH
EASIER TO DRY
EASIEST TO IRON

STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING

89 YEARS OLD
Plays Piano Hours Daily!

GIVES CREDIT FOR BRIGHT, ALERT HEALTH TO KRUSCHEN.

Mrs. Mary Foote, 'Bonnie Doon,' 7 Darby St., Bayswater, W.A., lives a full, active life—thanks to Kruschen, according to this letter from her daughter, Mrs. Esme McDougall.

READ WHAT SHE SAYS.

"My mother (Mrs. Mary Foote) was 89 years last September and does 2 hours every morning at the piano, doing nothing but classics. She loves motor drives any time of day or night. Knits baby layette sets, tatting and crochet. You should see her at a crowded table playing Radio Rummy, the brightest one at the table; she reads 3 books a week, never wants to go to bed. When anyone asks her who she gives credit to, her reply is "Kruschen Salts" for all her activities. For the past 40 odd years she has had ¼ teaspoon daily.

COULDN'T DO MY JOB.
writes MR. E. WEBB, *Paddington, N.S.W.*

"Now I take regular doses of Kruschen, and rheumatic pains no longer make my life a constant misery—Kruschen keeps me fit."

MRS. MARY FOOTE, 89 *years old, gives credit to Kruschen for her good health.*

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

Are you on top of the world, fighting fit, full of the joy of living? . . . Or are you dragged down by the lassitude, the rheumatic and muscular pains, that are so often due to wastes poisoning the system? Start taking Kruschen tomorrow!

2 WAYS TO TAKE KRUSCHEN
• *Medicinal Dose for rheumatism, gout, lumbago—a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water daily.* • *The "Little Daily Dose"—as much as will cover a sixpence is tasteless in your morning cup of tea.*

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Australian Women's Weekly KNITTING BOOK

64 pages of rich colour and rotogravure, and it's only **1/6** from your newsagent or bookseller.

"Seams? Yes, sure . . . Sure, they're straight . . . Sure . . ."

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 7

ELIZABETH said curtly, "It doesn't matter to you, I suppose, that you're making a very unpleasant situation for everyone, coming here to-night."

"Oh, dear!" Ted grimaced. "Good taste comes into it, too, does it?"

"There's nothing to be added to what we said this morning. Nothing at all."

He drew a step nearer. "Honestly, darling," he said, "you've got to forgive me. I just can't get along without you. I've been like a walking funeral all day, not able to work or think or eat."

She gave a twisted little smile. "Don't worry! I've not the slightest doubt you'll find other interests to amuse you before long."

He drew back. "I hate bitter, unforgiving women."

"I despise lying, deceitful men."

Their eyes met now—clashed and stabbed.

"How childish you are," he said. "I wouldn't have believed it."

"Oh, of course! Only you are adult."

"It really begins to look like it. However, I'm sure Kenneth will survive my bad taste." He pushed the door of the drawing-room wider and waited for her to go through. "And I've rarely felt more like a good dinner and a drink."

Kenneth's lovingly cooked meal, and the frequency of the drinks, changed the atmosphere for everyone in spite of themselves. The tension, and the backward thought, loosened and fightened.

Elizabeth seemed to be two people, one who gave herself up to the moment, and one who was still carrying on a heated argument in her head, saying this and that to Ted, unable to forgive.

It wasn't till she was finishing her ice that the talk around her made a single word of sense. Then across the room, suddenly she took note of Athol's voice.

He was fishing for an audience, saying, "I'm afraid it's being borne in on me, forcibly—inelactably—that Mrs. Druitt is having an affair."

"What?" Peter threw himself back with a laugh, filling his chair handsomely.

Vio cried: "Impossible! Not Mrs. Druitt?"

"Mrs. Druitt, indeed! I happened to be at the store this afternoon, shortly after the bus brought her back from town. I went in to make my modest purchase—a morsel of barley for my humble pottage——"

"I'm out of barley, am I?" Kenneth murmured.

"—and they were at it hammer and tongs. The sounds of battle that came from the bedroom — my dears! The timid rapping of my sixpence on the counter couldn't penetrate the storm, so finally I just reached over and served myself and hoped I'd remember to give him the sixpence."

Kenneth said: "Come down to earth, Athol. How do you know the quarrel was about love and not groceries?"

"Ah!" Athol said triumphantly. "Ah! but I do know. It was about an envelope, containing letters presumably. Letters! The classic folly of lovers from Babylon right down to poor little Dorrie Druitt! Druitt had found this envelope, it seems, in her wardrobe drawer, while she was up in town."

With sudden shock, Elizabeth felt that her secret had been ripped open for all to see. She leant over to put her plate down, but her hand was clumsy with nervousness and she sent a glass rolling to the edge of the table.

Ted caught and righted it.

Nancy said: "Steady, pet," and looked at her queerly.

THE tinkle and clatter caught everyone's attention. Elizabeth felt it come to centre on her, on her face, and that everyone must read there her open confusion and connect her with the envelope that the Druitts were disputing about.

But Vio created a diversion.

Suddenly, crumpled and lost-looking in her old-fashioned figured chiffon, she got up out of her chair. Her voice quavered tearfully. Well, fancy, Mrs. Druitt! Who would believe in anyone ever again!

No, she really thought she would go home. Perhaps she shouldn't have come, but Kenneth had been so kind. Silly of her to give way like this, but it was all so difficult . . . and so hot . . . it was this thunder in the air . . . it always affected her.

No, Brigid dear was very kind, but she would just slip out. No need for anyone to be disturbed. Harry would come along soon.

Firmly refusing his offer to come along now—no, no, it would only distress her if anyone moved—she picked her way through plates and glasses, put down by chairs, to the door and went out and closed it after her.

Elizabeth stood in the hall, hesitating, looking out into the dark garden. Kenneth's impromptu party was still in progress, but she knew her errand had to be done to-night.

For some reason, though, in the last few minutes her will had weakened. She wanted counsel, support in the undertaking.

She glanced up at the ponderously ticking clock and noted the time—ten minutes past nine.

Would she get Brigid to come with her? Or Ted? It was no easy matter to decide. Yet she knew what she should do.

Confide in no one. This was her job.

Running lightly across the porch, Elizabeth had just gone a few steps down the path when someone crossed the lawn behind and caught her wrist.

Stifling the impulse to scream, she swung round, but it was only Kenneth.

He said: "Where on earth are you going?"

"Kenneth . . . you frightened me." She backed away, looking up at him, distracted with the longing to unburden herself and the fear of doing so.

As though reading her thoughts he said: "Come on, now, tell me. You surely can trust me, whatever it is," and took her hand again in his warm, brown one and patted it.

She thought how comforting he was, and then she was saying jerkily, "Kenneth . . . those letters . . . at the store . . . that the Druitts were quarrelling about—that was the envelope of letters—I mean, I left it there."

He stared as though he weren't hearing aright.

"What?"

"On Saturday morning, when I got back from Enone's flat. Oh, I must have been mad! I see it now. But I didn't know what to do with them."

"But you said you burnt them, up there!"

"I didn't."

"Why not?"

"I couldn't. When I came out of the flat I had an idea somebody might be watching me. As we know now, somebody was. I thought that to be seen stepping to the incinerator chute and putting something down there—going in there at all at that frantically early hour, with both Nancy and Enone away, and then instantly burning what I'd taken!—well, I couldn't do it."

Please turn to page 37

Missionary's wife ran a dance class

By PATRICIA McKINNON, staff reporter

Since she left Australia two years ago to accompany her missionary husband to Formosa, dancer Shona Dunlop has combined missionary work with teaching modern expressive dancing to eager Formosans.

While her husband, Church of Scotland minister Donald MacTavish, spread the gospel, Shona, as Mrs. MacTavish, taught English in the mission school at Tainan, Formosa, and held as many dancing classes as her missionary duties would permit.

STUDENTS at the Presbyterian Mission School at Tainan, Formosa, who were eager pupils of Mrs. MacTavish, former Bodenweiser dancer Shona Dunlop.

"WHEN we were leaving to return to Australia our pupils farewelled us, appropriately enough, with a display of dancing and a prayer meeting," Mrs. MacTavish said.

"The Formosans were crazy about ballet dancing. They had never seen anything like it before. I gave an exhibition, and told my English class that I would give lessons to anyone who cared to come along the following Tuesday.

"Imagine my dismay when 300 turned up for the first lesson!"

Mrs. MacTavish taught her young pupils the modern expressive dancing she had interpreted during the years she was leading dancer with the Bodenweiser Ballet touring South America and Australia.

"The children tried hard enough, and were reasonably good, but they found the abandonment necessary to this type of dancing rather difficult to master, as they still retain the rather reserved attitude of the women of their race," she said.

Mr. and Mrs. MacTavish met, became engaged, and were married within a month before they sailed for China.

They were to join the Church of Scotland Mission at Mukden, in Manchuria, where Mr. MacTavish was to teach theology, but the swift advance of the Communist forces caught them in Peking, where they were studying Mandarin Chinese at the language school preparatory to going to Mukden.

"One week there were 200 students at the school, and the next week there were only six, including us," Mr. MacTavish said. "We only just made the aerodrome through the fighting."

Following their escape from Peking they went to Fouchow to join Mr. MacTavish's aunt, a medical missionary, who was stationed there, and after a few weeks in the crowded city accepted the invitation which led to a 14 months' stay in Tainan.

The English Presbyterian Church Mission at Tainan needed teachers for the 1800 pupils who attended their two large schools, so the MacTavishs were asked to lend their services.

Their baby, Terry Isobel, who had her first birthday on the Taiping while travelling back to Australia, was born at Tainan.

She was delivered by Mr. MacTavish's aunt, Dr. Isobel MacTavish, who made a special trip from the mainland in a junk, sharing a cabin with six members of the crew, in order to be present for the birth.

"The difficulties of rearing a baby there were tremendous," Mrs. MacTavish said. "I was afraid to leave her with the servants as so many of them were disease-ridden. Until we reached Australia she had never tasted cow's milk."

Mrs. MacTavish said she soon found that her methods of teaching had to be adapted to be sure none of her little pupils lost "face."

"After the first English examination I set I realised how important 'face' is to the Formosans. One by one the Formosan teachers in the school who had children in my classes came to me and asked me to be sure not to fail their daughters," she said.

Mr. MacTavish also had an amusing experience with "face" the first time he adjudicated at a choir festival. Noticing he was marking down points, his fellow adjudicator advised him to destroy his notes immediately.

When Mr. MacTavish inquired as to how they would know which choir was the winner if they were not awarded marks, he was informed that it would never do for any one choir to win, for all the others would then have lost "face."

"He added that we were only expected to make suggestions and commendations and advised me that if I had any criticism to make to keep it very general and not to mention any specific choir," Mr. MacTavish said.

"I later learned that some of the choirs had come down from the hills and were members of a one-time head-hunting tribe and I realised this might have been one occasion when the adjudicator lost his head."

Mr. MacTavish, who is a Canadian, followed the example of his aunt when he decided to become a missionary. Recently, he said, his 74-year-old doctor father has taken up similar work, making six-week trips on a mission ship which calls at all the isolated spots on the coast of British Columbia.

As Shona Dunlop, Mrs. MacTavish could never have thought of sharing a life of missionary work.

"My wife's life was all dancing before she met me," her husband says proudly. "But after all her grandfather was the first Professor of Theology at Knox College, Dunedin, New Zealand."

Both Mr. and Mrs. MacTavish are looking forward to going to South Africa when their leave has expired, as Mr. MacTavish has been appointed chaplain to Lovedale Mission School, Cape Province, South Africa.

Ready and willing to share her husband's work, Mrs. MacTavish thought of the dancing part of her life as she said, "I believe the Bodenweiser Ballet will be touring South Africa when we arrive there, so I am looking forward to seeing the dances I used to do interpreted by somebody else."

LEAVE IN SYDNEY. Rev. and Mrs. Donald MacTavish and their daughter Terry Isobel at Palm Beach, Sydney, where they spent their leave with Mrs. MacTavish's mother, Mrs. R. Astley-Campbell.

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Contestants will not be penalized for using any word shown in the examples.

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There's even more chance to win when you've tried New Persil — know how good it is.

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P.14.WW45

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The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 34

KENNETH still stared in astounded silence, and Elizabeth continued: "I didn't want to attract any more attention to myself. So I put the letters in my bag and drove home. When I got to the store the first thing I heard was about Enone. Mrs. Druitt told me. I could see the police cars just up the road, detectives everywhere."

She went on almost frantically, "Oh, I was desperate. I expect I wasn't functioning very logically. I didn't know what to do. I thought—well, exactly what the inspector guessed I'd think: that it might be a frightful blunder, in some way that I couldn't yet see, to hand the envelope over to you, and I was far, far too afraid to destroy it."

He was listening to her intently. "Yes, but to hand it over to Mrs. Druitt!——"

"Well, was it so crazy? I asked her for a big envelope and sealed the other envelope in it and asked her to put it away in the safe."

"Well, I'll be jiggered! What did you tell her? What did you say it was?"

"The first thing that came into my head, I'm afraid. I said it was a receipt for some shares that I'd been meaning to put in the bank in town and—and had forgotten."

"Well, there's nothing like a good try!" he said dryly. "Why didn't you take them home?"

"I was afraid to move a step away from the store with it. I thought I might be searched the moment I walked out if the police had already found out where I'd been and what I'd gone for."

"Well," he said cheerfully. "You didn't burn the letters, that's all that matters. They're still extant to prove that I wasn't your early morning visitor, and to let us know who was."

"I'll be just as glad if the Druitts don't know it first."

"What? You don't think they'd open it? They'd be too scared to open something left with them in trust."

"I hope you're right."

"And would they have been quarrelling, as Athol says they were, if they'd already opened it? The quarrel sounds more as though she'd told him your story and he hadn't believed it. She didn't put the envelope in the safe, you see, she didn't want him to know she had it. By the way, why didn't you go back for it on Saturday?"

"I did. I slipped up there at about seven o'clock in the evening, but she'd gone to town. I went back this morning, too, and she was still away. Do you think perhaps Mr. Druitt was persuading her to tell the police when Athol heard them? Or do you think——"

"I'm tired of thinking," he said shortly. "We're going to know. Right away. No one'll miss us for a while."

They slipped out of the house and down the avenue. As they passed the place on the road where Enone had died she whispered with a shudder, "Oh, Kenneth! Who did do it?"

He put his arm round her and hurried her past the dark place.

"The person who wrote her those letters and asked you to burn them," he said, "and in two minutes we'll know who that was."

The shop was closed when they got there, and they went round and knocked at the side door. Mrs. Druitt answered it and stood holding the door, blinking out at them.

"I'm sorry to disturb you at this hour, Mrs. Druitt," Elizabeth said. "I've come to get that envelope you were good enough to put away for me. I'm going to town to-morrow, and I thought I'd take it up to the bank."

Slowly the door opened wider. "Oh, it's that, is it?"

"Yes. If it's not a nuisance."

"It's all right, I'll get it for you. Will you step inside?"

They stepped in. She shut the door and went ahead of them down the passage to the room behind the shop. There she switched on the light, murmured something about going to get the envelope, and went out, leaving them alone with the outsize armchairs in hot brown moquette, the outsize dining-table and sideboard, the giant jardinieres, and photographs.

Across the nightmare-crowded room Elizabeth's eye met Kenneth's wordlessly. She noticed that his face was almost haggard under the glare of the unshaded light.

The moment rose up before her threateningly, now that they were really going to know. Suppose it should be . . . oh, any one of these people she knew so well?

A clock on the mantelpiece ticked noisily; down the road a mopoke kept up the mad monotony of its call, keeping time with the clock . . . keeping time with her heart . . . Restlessly she started pacing, clenching her hands together. Come back, Mrs. Druitt, I can't wait much longer!

Mrs. Druitt's step sounded along the passage. She halted in the doorway, staring at Elizabeth, her face white.

"It's not there!" she breathed.

"What?"

"It's gone! Your envelope, I can't find it anywhere. It's disappeared."

"But it can't have. Where did you have it?"

"In the drawer with my handkerchiefs. I didn't put it in the safe like you said."

"Why didn't you?"

MRS. DRUITT swallowed nervously. "It was because of Mr. Druitt," she said. "I didn't tell him I had it. He doesn't like to mix himself up with other people's affairs. I mean, I thought he might've thought it was a responsibility like to have somebody else's valuable papers, so I just put it among my things, and now when I go to look for it!—Oh, Miss Rowan, whatever am I going to do!"

Her voice cracked hysterically.

Kenneth said sharply, "Pull yourself together, Mrs. Druitt. It's no use flapping about like that. It wasn't valuable enough to make such a song over. Anyhow," he said, going closer to her, "this thing hasn't been stolen. That's all my eye. It's been mislaid, slipped down behind something. Where's Druitt?"

She raised her watery eyes to his. "Across at the hotel, having a beer with Mr. Henderson."

"How long will he be?"

"He won't be long, he's never after ten."

"Right, we'll come back later. You get Druitt to help you find it. I'm quite sure you'll have this envelope waiting for us soon after ten."

I'm quite sure, Kenneth said, and Elizabeth thought that he looked it. The glance he bent on Mrs. Druitt held hers fixedly, stood no nonsense, allowed of no doubt.

When he and Elizabeth got outside she said, "Then you didn't believe her?"

"Believe her? No, she was lying. She and Druitt had this barney that Athol overheard, and she's afraid to give it up while he's out. I'd say he smelt a rat. Your two visits there asking for his wife set him thinking and rooting among her things."

Please turn to page 38

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The Case of Come-Hither Bend

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WAVING a hand as Elizabeth tried to interrupt, Kenneth went on: "Druitt finds the envelope, and it wouldn't be beyond even him to connect it in some way with the tragedy. I don't think he's had the nerve to open it, but he may have ordered her to hand it over to the police instead of to you."

"And how do you mean to stop him?"

"Leave that to me. I think I can manage Druitt."

When they got back to the house Elizabeth paused on the path. "We won't go back into the drawing-room together."

"Eh? Don't you think a touch of jealousy might be salutary for —someone?"

She said lightly: "Go in. You go first. I'll follow;" and waited till he entered the house.

Then she went quickly round the side and across the courtyard to Athol's studio.

She could hardly have said, even to herself, why she wanted to see again what she had seen there this morning. Perhaps thinking about it all the afternoon had made her begin to wonder if she had been mistaken.

She switched on the light, went over to the divan and pulled it out from the wall. The lipstick wasn't there.

There followed a search, which from the first she had known would be useless. The lipstick had gone all right, and she went to the drawing-room with her thoughts racing in turmoil.

When the clock in the hall struck ten, Kenneth looked up and caught Elizabeth's eye, raised an eyebrow a fraction.

It is doubtful whether anyone else heard the clock, or took note of it if they did. Things in the drawing-room had apparently developed to the point when the only sound that interested anyone was that of his own voice, other people's being a mere necessary counterpoint.

A more than usually partisan discussion was raging around world politics, so that when the chime in the hall struck the quarter Elizabeth's second exit was as unremarked as her first.

Kenneth joined her in a minute and, as before, they hurried down the avenue and along the road to the store. They knocked on the side door and stood waiting.

"Now, listen," he said, "let me manage Druitt. Better not put your word in if he shouldn't prove amenable to reason."

There was silence inside the house. He knocked again, and again they waited. Still no one came.

"Passive resistance," he said, "which I'm afraid won't work. Druitt must be back. And anyhow, she's expecting us." He turned the handle. The door opened and they stepped inside the passage.

At the far end of it the light was still on in the room behind the shop.

Elizabeth called nervously: "Mrs. Druitt. Are you there, Mrs. Druitt?" Walking ahead of Kenneth she went into the sitting-room.

It was empty, with an emptiness that struck on her nerves unpleasantly. She noticed the dent made in the cushion by her own arm only a little over an hour ago, the match that Kenneth had put down in the beaten copper ashtray, the place where his foot had ruckled up the mat on the linoleum—small things, but seeming to her like something of themselves left to witness—what?

"Odd," she said, "she's not here."

"Or Druitt, either. Where can they be?"

"Can they have gone to bed?"

"Leaving all the lights on?"

"Perhaps she's gone up to the pub to get him."

There was a pause. A feeling of something utterly fearful near at hand came over her. Stillness in the hot hideous little house . . . Kenneth's queer stillness, too . . .

She put out a hand towards him. "Let's go, Kenneth. They're not here, there's no use waiting."

He was looking past her at the door behind her. "Hold on, the shop light's on, too. It wasn't when we were here earlier."

"No!" she cried. "Let us go. We'll come back to-morrow. Don't go in!"

Why did she say, don't go in? She couldn't have told. Afterwards she wondered how far around it a horror spreads in the air for those who are sensitive to pick it up.

But Kenneth walked over to the door, pushed it open, then sagged for an instant against the doorway.

She lurched forward and looked over his shoulder into the shop, unfamiliar from this angle.

There was the street door, shut and bolted; the bulky sacks standing about the floor, casting squat shadows; the crowded counter; and lying across it, Druitt's shotgun that he used for shooting rabbits.

Druitt's shotgun!

On the floor behind the counter there was a splodge of deeper shadow. But not so deep that Elizabeth, peering from the doorway, wasn't able to see what was there.

Mrs. Druitt, lying face downwards. Or rather, Mrs. Druitt's body, for the clockwork had finally stopped now.

AN hour or so later Druitt was sitting in the room behind the shop, slumped down in an armchair as padded and shapeless as himself.

It didn't mean a thing that his face showed nothing—not grief nor distress, not even surprise that his wife should be lying on the other side of the door receiving the attentions of a small army of print and camera men and police experts.

Druitt's face wasn't built to show anything, anyhow. The small eyes and mouth embedded in flesh couldn't be mobilised by emotion. As well ask the round pale cheese to shrink and tremble as the knife approaches.

He had said as little as a man could say when he had walked in at ten-thirty and been told the news by Kenneth; and he wasn't saying much more now to Grogan, who was standing on the hearthrug, an elbow on the mantelpiece among Dorric Druitt's vases and clocks and candlesticks.

"Must've been a customer she knew, then?" Grogan was saying.

Druitt nodded and muttered, "Must've."

"You don't reckon she'd have taken a stranger through to the shop at that hour?"

Druitt shook his head to and fro with the slow movement of a weighted toy.

The inspector nodded. "Any ideas yourself? Is there anyone you can think of that had a grudge against her?—threatened her?—had a quarrel?"

There was a long pause before Druitt answered. "She was mixed up in something," he said at last.

Without prompting, in a voice unchangingly flat, he told Grogan of Miss Rowan's two inquiries for his wife while she was away in town at the week-end, of how it had got him wondering. She'd seemed sort of worried about something when he'd said Mrs. Druitt was away. What was she after, he'd thought. See? So he'd had a look round and come on a sealed envelope, a lightish brown envelope, in her wardrobe drawer.

When his wife got home at tea time to-day and he'd asked her about it, she'd told him that Miss Rowan come along on the Saturday morning—early—with something in a blue envelope, and asked her to look after it for her. She'd given her another envelope and they'd sealed it up in that. She'd said it was a bank receipt.

He'd said, a bank receipt me foot! and they'd argued the toss about it, him saying it was something to do with the murder and they ought to hand it over to the police.

But Mrs. Druitt wouldn't have that on, and had put the envelope back in the drawer—the top drawer on the left. The inspector could get it there for himself, if he liked.

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The Case of Come-Hither Bend

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GROGAN said, "Fat chance of it being there now!" but he went through to the bedroom and searched there. No envelope, of course.

The bedroom looked on to the back yard. The sash window stood open a few inches, most likely always did, year in, year out. Not even a wire screen. Nothing easier than to push it up and throw a leg over the sill, tip-toe to the wardrobe, and get the envelope without anyone hearing, even if they were in the lounge . . .

As he turned to go, a photograph in a silver frame standing on the chest of drawers caught his eye.

He picked it up and walked back to the sitting-room.

"She a friend of yours?" he asked, holding it out.

Druitt looked up.

"That's Miss McGrath."

"So I see." Grogan looked down at the face in the photograph smiling back at him—the heart-shaped face, young, and yet assured, fresh as a daisy and yet up to anything. Under it was scrawled: Yours affectionately, Enone McGrath.

"Was she a personal friend of yours, or your wife's?"

"A friend? Too right! Mrs. Druitt was a good friend to her. I'll say. A friend!"

"What do you mean?"

Druitt got up and went to a drawer in the sideboard, pulled it open, and from among the bits of string and corks and candle-ends pulled out a little notebook and handed it to Grogan.

"About a week ago," he said, "I found this. Take a look. Adds up to close on seventy-eight pounds! What do you think of that? Took good care I never knew she was getting all this tick. Never knew a thing till last week."

He was showing a bit more animation now. He slammed the drawer shut and looked challengingly at Grogan, who was turning over the pages, scanning the items jotted down in Mrs. Druitt's immature scribble, a sketchy memorandum, with the dates and prices.

"Miss McGrath owed you all this, did she?"

"All that and more, for all I know. That kid could twist the wife round her little finger. Droppin' in here and havin' a cup o' tea with her every time she come up to the Bend. Tellin' her all about the fine times she had up in town, all about her boys and that. Good as a trip to the pictures to Dorrie, it was. 'Course she'd known her since she was a kid. She'd kidded the wife she'd pay all right, when she was twenty-one, when she come into her money."

He came behind Grogan and prodded at the notebook with his forefinger. "Cigarettes—whitebait—ham—asparagus — choc'lates — tea and butter by the swag — cigarettes again . . . The best was good enough for her!" The pointing hand was trembling.

Grogan shut the book.

"What'd you say when you found this?"

Druitt paused a second, walked over and took a cigarette from a packet on the table. His face was a yellow cheese again.

"Oh . . . I never said much. Wasn't no use. I reckoned she'd be paying soon. Just told the wife we wouldn't take no risks like that again."

"Funny you didn't miss all this stuff."

"I'd have missed it all right. I was stocktaking at the end of the month."

"Ever write her any letters asking for your money?"

"Me? No—fat lot o' use that'd've been."

"Or see her and try and get it out of her?"

"No. I meant to. On the Friday. But you know what happened then, before I got a chance to see her."

He turned away and rested his spreading forearms along the mantelpiece, dropped his head on them. Words, grotesquely inadequate words, trickled out of him:

"Yeah . . . I dunno . . . terrible! Got me beat. Terrible thing to happen . . ."

Grogan thought: That girl McGrath, she must've had something. She certainly could make people fall for her.

He asked suddenly: "About that white mackintosh of Symonds'?"

Druitt jerked upright. "Eh? What mackintosh?"

"The one he left with Mrs. Druitt a month or so back."

"Go on! Did he? I never knew." Druitt's wits seemed to be crawling over the irrelevance of this.

"So I'm told."

Grogan went out into the passage and turned his torch on the collection of coats and hats that hung on a row of pegs on the wall.

On the end peg was a white waterproof, the only one there. He shone his torch on it, took out his magnifying-glass, and went over the neck and shoulders, inch by inch, without touching it.

Looking for what? A long hair or a short one? Black or gold? A greasy finger-mark or a smudge of face powder?

When he went back to the sitting-room his face was expressionless.

"Yeah, it's there."

"Is it? I didn't know."

"What time did you go over to the pub to-night?"

"Quarter-past eight."

"How long does it take you to walk over there?"

"Four minutes . . . five."

"When Symonds rang the pub at twenty past ten Henderson said you'd been gone about half an hour."

"That's right. I left there before ten. I always do."

"But you didn't walk in here till half-past. Where were you?"

"I come into the backyard right on the stroke of ten and went into the garage and started to do a job on the truck. Tinkering about there I was. Never heard Symonds and Miss Rowan knock or anything. Just walked in when I'd finished, and—"

His large chest swelled with a large sigh. "Look, it's a terrible thing. I haven't hardly begun to realise it yet."

Grogan said: "No," and took up his hat and went through the shop. He beckoned Manning out the now unbarred and widely open door.

Please turn to page 40

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The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 39

AT this almost midnight hour everything was held in a grip of silence. The bush seemed to have crept up to the very doors and windows of the shop, like a sea about to wash over it, a large, clean sea rising to wash over a small, unclean island.

The two detectives talked for a few minutes. Grogan told the sergeant what he wanted done and what to keep his eyes peeled for, and went on round to Kenneth's house.

There, they were expecting him, had been for the last hour. And for the last half of that hour there had been an atmosphere in the room that wasn't, Elizabeth thought, like any she had ever felt before — a rapidly mounting fear, so much more marked than after the murder of Enone. No one was free from fear now, the innocent or the guilty.

Though quite a lot of alcohol had been drunk during the evening, the news of Mrs. Druitt's killing had blown away the fumes from everyone's head, leaving them grimly sober.

Brigid had collected coffee cups and put them on the tray. Then she had paused, glancing down at Peter appealingly, as though to ask pardon of him for the new threat to his comfort and peace of mind.

But Peter had remained sufferingly still, lying back in an armchair, his eyes tightly shut, the corners of his mouth drawn down in disapproval.

Brigid had removed her gaze to Athol.

"Come on, Athol, keep me company." With an attempt at lightness it was said, but her face was startlingly pale. And Athol's hadn't looked much easier as he had picked up the tray and followed her to the kitchen, waiting while she switched on the light.

Brigid's hesitation had seemed to Elizabeth to suggest that death might be waiting to pounce, even in Kenneth's streamlined kitchen.

Elizabeth looked across at Ted sitting on the window-seat against the black of the open window, seemingly occupying a cold and very separate world of his own. He hadn't spoken to her and hardly looked at her since Kenneth brought her back from the store.

Perhaps it was, she thought, that he wouldn't allow himself to take advantage of her emotional state in order to move nearer to her again. Unreasonably now, she wanted him to make some move towards her, even to meet her glance that kept coming back to him.

Nancy, on the couch, looked heavy-eyed, like a child allowed to stay up too late.

When the police car came up the avenue and stopped at the porch Kenneth got up and went out to the front door. One had to be a host even if one's guests were the homicide squad!

"Come in, Inspector. Though I can't see what anyone here can tell you of any value. I think Miss Rowan and I told you everything we knew down at the store."

"Oh, don't you worry, I'm not expecting revelations, Mr. Symonds."

In the drawing-room, Grogan went straight up to Elizabeth. "Miss Rowan, about those letters you never burnt. Who did you tell that you'd left them at the store on Saturday morning?"

"Who did I tell?" She looked up at him defenselessly. Everyone else in the room looked at him, too, and then at her—stayed still looking at her.

"Come on, now," the inspector said, "you don't need to mull over a simple question like that."

But didn't she? An instant conflict seized her, whether to tell the strict truth on every point or to withhold what she discerned might be dangerous to somebody. Wasn't friendship, perhaps, at a time like this, more sacred than truth?

As though he read her thoughts, the inspector started to give a little lecture.

"The police have been very patient with you folk. Very patient indeed, they've been. Some of you have told us just whatever you fancied at the moment. Well, that's no way to treat the police in a homicide case. We mean to get the truth, see? So everyone'd better come over with it, first as last. I said, Miss Rowan, who did you tell that you'd left these letters at the store on Saturday morning?"

"I didn't tell anyone."

"Then how did somebody know they were there and go into her bedroom and pinch them?"

"I—I think they deduced it. From something Athol Boyd said."

Athol sat up, clutching at his lank lock. "Don't say my innocent prattle brought poor little Mrs. Druitt to her death?"

"What's all this about?"

ELIZABETH said, "It was after dinner. Athol told us about a quarrel between the Druitts, over an envelope that Druitt had found in a drawer in her wardrobe. I knew instantly it was the one I'd left with her, and I made up my mind that I must get it to-night."

"Do you mean it was you that took it?"

"No. No. Mrs. Druitt said it had gone when Mr. Symonds and I went there the first time."

"Oh? You were there before, were you, before you and him found her dead?"

"Yes. When Athol had told about the quarrel I slipped out of the room as soon as I possibly could. In the garden I met Mr. Symonds and he asked me where I was going. So I told him the truth about these letters, that I hadn't burnt them."

"Hold on, was he the first one you told?"

"The only one." Marshalling her facts, she looked down at her tightly clasped hands in her lap. "I thought as he'd been accused of writing them he was the person who should come with me to get them. So we went up to the store and Mrs. Druitt was alone. She went into her bedroom to get the envelope and came back and said it had gone. We didn't believe her then, but apparently she was telling the truth."

"Yes, looks like the letters had been taken by that time."

"Anyhow, we said it was nonsense—they couldn't be gone—she'd mislaid them—we'd come back later. But when we got back——" She broke off, her voice fading out.

"What time did Mr. Boyd tell the company here about this row up at the store?" Grogan asked.

"At half-past eight, I think it was. Miss Thomas——"

"She was here, too, was she?"

"Yes, she and Harry were both here for dinner. She seemed disturbed this evening and left almost at once, and Harry followed."

"Followed how soon?"

"In a quarter of an hour. So it was——" At this point she made a quick expurgation in her story — that was someone else's secret—"it was a quarter-past nine when Kenneth and I went up to the store for the first time."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. I remember now, the clock struck the quarter-past as we crossed the hall to go out."

Manning's figure, topped by his square head and prominent eyes, appeared in the doorway. He gave Grogan a glance that summoned him out. In the hall he said: "We found it. It was chucked down in the bedroom, and got kicked under the bed."

To be continued

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The Man They Married

Continued from page 9

JULIA had been full of plans that first year for the brightening of the mill workers' lives; but the tide of her intentions could never pass the breakwater of her husband's will. It had appeared that neither he nor the workers wished her to brighten or interfere with their lives.

A woman's place was in her own home; but what real work had she even there? A staff of highly paid and efficient servants had taken all work and responsibility out of her hands.

It had seemed that she herself was to be shut away from reality forever, for to be shut away from work in a working world had been to feel shut away from living itself.

So all her personality had become concentrated on her son Leonard as he grew older and as handsome as his father had been, and, in quarrelling with his son, Howard had driven her only interest out of her immediate reckoning.

Gradually she had become in spirit all that her husband had wanted her to be. A decoration for his fine home, an entertainer for his business friends, a figure on which to hang jewels as an outward sign of his invisible and increasing wealth.

And now Howard was dead. Suddenly he had died at his desk in his office with his pen in his hand, and she was alone. She had been alone now for six months, and her spirit was slowly awakening in the knowledge that Leonard was on the way home, to free her from the prison of this house and of herself.

It was true that he was married and bringing his wife with him; but she was almost glad of the jealousy that that fact aroused in her. It was so long since she had felt emotion of any kind, and perhaps he did not care for his wife.

Her name was Charlotte. They had two daughters, and they lived outside Pittsburgh. Really there was very little else that she knew of her son's personal life.

She rose and crossed over to the window, staring out.

What would she be like, this wife of Leonard's, Julia wondered. Leonard had never sent a photograph, as he had never sent one of himself through the years for all her pleading. She had never met any American women, but from the American books she had read, she had a very clear picture of Charlotte in her mind.

She would be a short, plump woman, carefully corseted as to the figure and meticulously waved as to the hair. She would probably kiss her with cool, thin lips and call her "Momma," or perhaps even "Grandmomma"! And that was a most depressing thought, for how could she behave like a grandmother when she had never felt properly like a mother?

A car was turning in at the drive—drawing up with a spurt of gravel under the wheels. That must be Leonard now, and his wife.

She had meant to go into the hall to meet them; but a feeling of panic suddenly came over her, stealing the strength from her limbs, and she sank down into an armchair, gripping her hands together so tightly that the nails drove into her flesh.

A BELL jangled through the house. Footsteps crossed the hall with no haste in their going. She was starting forward out of her chair when the drawing-room door opened and Howard came in. Howard! But it was Leonard whom she expected! Yet this was Howard! It was true that she had never seen him in a suit of so light a grey, nor with such a rainbow of a tie.

"Mother," he was saying, "don't you know me? Weren't you expecting me? Say, didn't you get my wire?"

It couldn't be Howard, for ghosts could not send telegrams, nor did they smell of fresh cigar smoke, nor did English ghosts speak with American accents.

This must be Leonard, and Howard had cheated her again. But however she felt, she must not cheat her son.

"Darling!" she murmured faintly, "darling—it's been so long."

"And you look just the same," he said, and stooped and kissed her cheek in just the same way as Howard had so often kissed her, making her shrink a little.

He was standing on the hearthrug now, looking down at her and smiling. He was jingling the loose change in his pocket, bending one knee a little in just the same way as Howard had so often stood and jingled and bent.

"My! It's good to be home," he said, "and find nothing changed. Jordan meeting me at the station, Mabel opening the door, you sitting right here—why it feels as if I'd just come back from school. Too bad Dad couldn't be here to make it complete."

"Too bad!" she muttered; but Leonard did not hear the surprise that pointed her words.

"Yes," he said, "too bad. It can't feel quite the same without the old man. I'd like to have told him I was sorry I walked out on him like that, not that I haven't done mighty well for myself, but I would have liked him to have known there were no hard feelings."

He paused, looking affectionately at his father's portrait on the wall. "He was a great guy," he said. "I owe him a lot."

It was impossible to keep the bewilderment out of her eyes, remembering the bitter quarrel between Howard and his son, and bending her head she put her hand across her face to hide her feelings.

"Come, come now, you mustn't feel too badly," said Leonard, putting a kind hand on her shoulder, and patting and stroking with Howard's very touch. "We all have to go some time or other, and I guess Dad would rather have gone like that than have had a long illness in his bed.

"But it must have been a shock to you, Mother, and I know just how you feel being left alone after all those happy married years. Well, there's one comfort, you've still got your memories and your home."

"I was thinking of moving," said Julia with an effort.

"Oh no, Mother, you don't want to move!" said Leonard. "You wouldn't want to start all over again in a new place, especially in these days. No, you stay right here where you're well off. I was only saying to Charlotte, as we came along, how thankful I was that you were so comfortably settled."

"Where is Charlotte?" asked Julia.

"In the dining-room," replied Leonard. "She thought perhaps you'd want to see me alone first, after so many years."

"That was thoughtful," said Julia, "but it's cold in there—you mustn't leave her too long."

"I'll go and call her," said Leonard, and crossed to the door.

After he had gone from the room she leaned forward and poked the fire into a brighter blaze; but even as she did so she realised that no amount of poking would give her the spiritual warmth she had so confidently expected in the presence of her son.

She dropped the poker with a little clatter, leaning back in the chair to brace herself for the meeting with her unknown daughter.

She could hear Leonard as he came back through the hall assuring his wife that nothing was changed.

"Same old gong," he said. "My nurse used to tell me that if I banged it, it meant I was calling her to put me to bed. I don't dare to touch the stick even now in case she should come to haul me off! She was a real old battle-axe!"

Please turn to page 42

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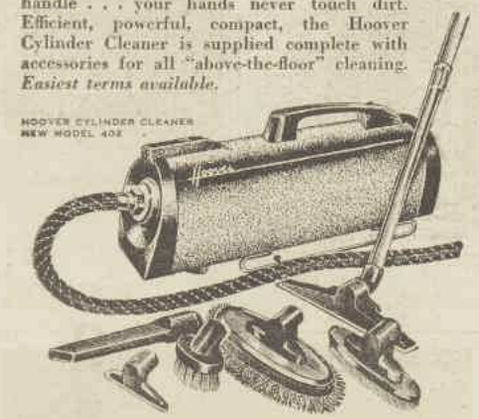

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The Man They Married

Continued from page 41

YET there was nothing but delight and admiration in Leonard's voice for that old tyranny, thought Julia wonderingly.

The door opened and she rose to meet Charlotte, forcing a smile of welcome across the cold stiffness of her cheeks.

"This is Charlotte, Mother," said Leonard, and drew his wife forward.

She was taller and slimmer than Julia had pictured her. She was dressed in dark red beneath her green coat, with a dark red hat on her brown hair.

"I'm afraid you must have been cold waiting in that chilly room," said Julia. "Come near the fire and sit down and get warm," hastily adding "my dear," afraid that her welcome must appear as chilly as the room Charlotte had just left.

"Thank you—it's a great pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Fordyce," said Charlotte, seating herself on the edge of the chair on the opposite side of the hearth.

"I'm very pleased to meet you, too," said Julia politely. "I hope you had a good voyage."

"I didn't miss a meal myself," said Leonard, standing between them, shielding them both from the warmth of the fire with his stout presence. "But Charlotte, why she didn't come to the dining-room till breakfast the morning we docked!"

"I'm not a good traveller," said Charlotte.

She had taken her gloves off, and her hands lay on her lap holding fast together as if they felt that only in their own touch could they find friendship in this foreign land.

"You must be longing for a cup of tea," Julia said, "to warm you. Ring, please, Leonard, and Mabel will bring it."

"I'll go and tell her myself," said Leonard. "I'd like to see Cook, too. She used to scare me stiff whenever she caught me stealing her cakes."

"I hope the children were quite well when you left," said Julia, as the door closed behind him.

"Yes thank you," replied Charlotte. "Rosa is at boarding school and Christine has just started her first year in college."

"She must be very clever," said Julia.

"Most American girls go to college," said Charlotte.

"They are very fortunate," said Julia. "Did you go yourself?"

"I did," said Charlotte, "but I met Leonard when I was in my third year and married him, so I didn't graduate." She paused and rigid hands on her knees came to agitated life, twisting convulsively together. "Do you find him much changed, Mrs. Fordyce?" she asked breathlessly.

"Well — a little," replied Julia cautiously, "but after all it's twenty-seven years since I saw him."

"I've been married twenty years this winter," said Charlotte. "He was thirty when we were married; but he was so young-looking then."

"He has grown very like my husband," said Julia. "That is his portrait on the wall over there. It was painted after we had been married twenty-five years. He had it done for me as a surprise for our silver wedding anniversary."

CHARLOTTE turned her head and looked across at the painting. Her shoulders seemed to straighten as she gazed up at it, as if some heavy burden had fallen from them; her hands loosened and lay quiet on her lap.

A deep flush crept over Charlotte's pale cheeks.

"I thought—" she said. "I was scared you'd think I hadn't been the right wife for Leonard. I mean he changed so much after we were married, and I thought . . ."

She hesitated and went on with a rush, "I was sure you'd hate me for changing him. I wasn't seasick on the boat, I was scared sick . . . I was sure you'd hate me."

"Oh, my dear!" said Julia, and there was real warmth in her voice. "You shouldn't have thought that."

"I couldn't help myself," said Charlotte. "I couldn't eat or sleep. I thought you'd blame me for letting him work so hard in the office, but you can't argue with Leonard about his own business."

"I never thought of arguing with my husband after the first year," said Julia.

"Oh," cried Charlotte, "you do understand!"

"Yes," said Julia, "I do understand."

"He's been so good to us," went on Charlotte. "There's nothing he hasn't given me and the girls."

"His father was very generous, too," said Julia.

"And kind," said Charlotte. "He always insisted on my having help in the house; he didn't mind what wages he paid. I wasn't even allowed to work in my own kitchen."

"Nor I," said Julia.

"Do you like to cook?" asked Charlotte eagerly.

"I longed to try," said Julia, "but I never had the chance. We always went to a hotel when he did take a holiday."

"So did we," said Charlotte. "I thought it would be nice if we could take a little cottage in the summer, by a lake, maybe, back in the woods, where I could do my own chores and cooking; but he always took rooms in the same hotel."

"I longed to take a little cottage on the moors," said Julia.

The two women looked at each other and there was infinite understanding in their eyes. Charlotte pulled her chair forward a little.

"Do you know what I plan to do?" she asked.

"No," said Julia, and sat forward eagerly on her own chair.

"Well," said Charlotte, "it's like this. Leonard has to take a trip to the Continent on business and I plan to stay right here and take a cottage—"

"I know one, on the moors," said Julia excitedly, "near a farm. There's a fuchsia bush by the gate and the garden is full of roses and larkspur and snapdragons and bachelor's buttons in the summer, and there's a stream; but you might not like it in the winter."

"I'd like any place that was small and clean," said Charlotte.

Please turn to page 43

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BABY BALLERINA

5-year-old Kay Owens of Haberfield, N.S.W., is a ballet student and a lover of Vegemite. Kay's mother says, "She's always been healthy and lively — perhaps because she's always been so fond of Vegemite."

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Interesting People

SURGEON-CAPTAIN L. LOCKWOOD

. . . Honorary Surgeon to King

COMMAND Medical Officer of H.M. Australian Ships and Establishments in Sydney, Surgeon-Captain L. Lockwood, M.V.O., D.S.C., R.A.N., is an Honorary Surgeon to the King. He held a similar appointment to the Duke of Gloucester during his 1934-35 visit and then during his term as Governor-General. Melbourne University graduate and football blue, he did post-graduate courses at Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and London Hospital after he had taken his medical and surgical degrees.

MATRON A. M. WALSH

. . . College of Nursing president

MATRON of King Edward Memorial Hospital, Subiaco, W.A., for over 25 years, Matron A. M. Walsh has been elected president of the Australian College of Nursing. Matron Walsh received an O.B.E. last year for "services to mothers and babies." She is the only woman member of the Commonwealth Council of Health and Medical Research, was a delegate to the 1937 London International Conference of Nursing, and in 1948 went to England as a delegate of the Grand Council of the Florence Nightingale Committee of Australia.

ALCEO GALLIERA

. . . to conduct here

GUEST conductor with the world-famed Halle Orchestra for the past two seasons, 40-year-old Italian conductor Alceo Galliera begins his Australian season as celebrity conductor for the A.B.C. with the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra at the beginning of June. A graduate of the Verdi Conservatorium, Milan, he was an organist and composer before becoming a conductor, and has written ballet music and symphonic compositions. One of the younger international musical figures, his favorite composer is Brahms.

The Man They Married

Continued from page 42

INVOLUNTARILY, Charlotte gave a little sigh, checking it abruptly. For a moment doubt seemed to fall on her once more, as if she could not believe it was really possible that such understanding could come from her husband's mother.

"I'm not blaming Leonard," she said hastily, "and it's true, too, that I'm not a good traveller. I wouldn't want to hold him up some place by getting sick."

"Of course you wouldn't, my dear," said Julia, with a twinkle in her grey eyes.

"So I just planned with myself—I haven't said a word to Leonard yet—that I'd take a cottage and wait for him."

"And do all your own housework."

"And cook. I used to have quite a hand with pastry."

"Do you—do you think you could teach me?" asked Julia. "I mean, do you want to be quite alone in that cottage?"

"You'd like to come and share it with me?" cried Charlotte incredulously.

"I'd love it," said Julia eagerly. "In fact, I was thinking of taking a cottage myself — but, of course, I wouldn't want to come if you wanted to be by yourself. When you were young, did you long to go out and blaze a trail full of danger and great deeds?" she asked.

"Why, yes," replied Charlotte, eyes sparkling, "I used to picture myself riding out with Leonard changing the world if it killed us!"

BUTCH

"I hate steuling suits this way. It makes me look so much fatter."

"Like early pioneers!"

"It was Crusaders with me!"

"Yes, it takes more than romance to change a world," said Julia, "and I'm beginning to realise now that it takes more than romance to make a marriage.

"It isn't circumstances and other people that stop you making a success of life, it's yourself. I hate to admit it, but I don't think I should have been a very good pioneer! I should probably have sat back and given my scalp to the first Red Indian!"

"I should have fallen off my horse before I ever met a Turk!" said Charlotte. Suddenly she began to laugh, her hands, her whole body, relaxed in laughter, and Julia laughed with her, caught up in the tide of her delight.

"You're so different from what I imagined," gasped Charlotte at last.

"How did you imagine me?" asked Julia.

"I pictured you as a stern, grey woman, critical and cold and trying to impress me with your grand ancestors."

"I thought you'd be polished and critical and cold and try to impress me with your clubs and your culture."

A fresh wave of merriment swept over them with this confession. They were lying back in their chairs wiping the tears of laughter from their eyes when the door opened and Leonard came in.

He came hurriedly and stood between them, looking anxiously from one limp figure to the other.

"The tea is coming," he said uneasily, "you'll both feel better when you've had a cup of tea. I don't know what's wrong, but we'll talk it over later; only please pull yourselves together, you don't want Mabel to see you like this."

They both stared up at him, and immediately back at each other, sending messages of conspiratorial understanding. He must never know we were laughing, their eyes signalled.

"It's nothing, nothing, darling," stammered Julia weakly. "Meeting again after so many years makes one a little emotional."

"Yes; naturally your mother feels quite a bit upset," Charlotte backed her up. "I feel kind of emotional myself."

The door was pushed open and Mabel came in carrying the teapot and silver kettle.

"A sad homecoming," she said. "It's a sad homecoming for poor Master Leonard."

"Ah, well, we must try to be cheerful," said Leonard kindly.

"Yes, we must try to be cheerful," repeated Julia. "Thank you, Mabel, and please tell Cook the cake looks very nice."

"She was pleased to do her best for Master Leonard, I'm sure, m'm," said Mabel, and went heavily out of the room.

"I thought that we should be more comfortable sitting round a table," said Julia, as she seated herself with Charlotte on her right and Leonard on her left. "Your father always hated to balance a cup and saucer on his knee."

"There, there," said Leonard, patting her shoulder as she removed the tea-cosy and began to pour out, "you've been lonely these last few months, Mother, but you've got me here now."

"And Charlotte," said Julia.

"You must try to be real friends for my sake," said Leonard solemnly.

"Yes, dear," said Julia gravely, "we'll try to be friends, won't we, Charlotte?"

"Why, yes, Mrs. Fordyce," said Charlotte with equal solemnity.

"That's fine," said Leonard, his smile embracing them both in its protective kindliness.

Not daring to catch the glance of Charlotte's eyes, Julia looked hastily away and found herself staring into the painted eyes of Howard.

"Oh!" she said impulsively, "I do wish your father were here."

And even as Leonard's plump hand stretched out to pat and stroke he realised with warm thankfulness that there was no hypocrisy in her remark, that in some strange way all the bitterness and frustration of the past had been swept away, leaving her looking on to the future with fresh life and new hope.

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LADY BLESSINGTON

Continued from page 18

SHE had not only herself but d'Orsay to keep, for he had soon squandered what was left of the Blessington money after debts and litigation had taken their toll.

The Countess moved from Seamore Place to become the mistress of Gore House, formerly the home of Wilberforce. It was ostensibly an economy measure, but Bulwer Lytton tells us it cost a thousand pounds for repairs, and another thousand for new furniture.

The great men who still visited Marguerite included the Duke of Wellington, Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, Louis Napoleon.

But when women of standing came to Gore House they came to be painted by d'Orsay in his basement studio, and were careful to enter it through the garden.

Fate had by no means finished with the woman it had taken from an obscure Irish home to live in a blaze of splendor.

Until 1848, Lady Blessington could still command sufficient income to live on the grand scale; but in that year came real disaster.

The Irish famines so affected the Blessington estates that her £2000 a year jointure almost ceased. Her literary income was suddenly reduced, too, by the death of the financier who ran "The Books of Beauty."

D'Orsay had for years spent all she could earn, anything of his own, and far more.

Creditors began to press for settlement.

Bailiffs prowled around Gore House. By law they could not operate after sundown; but from sunrise to sundown the house was in a state of siege.

At night the house could be opened safely. Sometimes even the old evening parties were held.

But at last one sheriff's officer forced an entry by pretending to be a pastrycook's boy, and d'Orsay found himself at last faced with possible arrest.

D'Orsay had lived on his wits for too long to be defeated so easily. He kept the officer waiting while he finished the slow, elaborate toilet of a dandy. It took so long that by the time he had finished the sun was down. He had obtained a reprieve.

It was only a reprieve, as he and Lady Blessington knew, so she hurried him across to France.

Lady Blessington faced her creditors gamely. On May 7, 1849, began the 12-day auction sale of all her beautiful possessions in Gore House. She had been told they would realise £12,000.

For three days before the sale crowds streamed through the elegant rooms.

Lady Blessington's most bitter women foes, who had refused to enter her house as her guest, now came to gloat and sneer.

Every creditor was satisfied as a result of this sale.

Lady Blessington had moved to Paris a month earlier to live on her reduced income. It was not to be for long, for she died in June, aged 56.

Lady Blessington's most fitting epitaph are the words spoken three years after her death by Alfred d'Orsay, who was her evil genius, and whose ingratitude finally broke her heart.

"In losing her I lost everything in this world. She was to me a mother, a dear, dear mother, a true loving mother."

Readers interested in further details about Lady Blessington will find them in "Blessington d'Orsay," by Michael Sadleir, her official biography by R. R. Madden, and "And So To Bath," by Cecil Roberts.

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Handsome newcomer wins role in "The Mudlark"

Plays Grenadier Guards officer in story about Queen Victoria

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

A new British star has been spotted. His name is Anthony Steel. The man who has launched him on the road to fame is Ben Lyon, himself an ex-film star, now a film executive in London.

Part of Ben's job is to comb Europe for talent and hustle it off to Hollywood. They say he is one of the shrewdest spotters in the business.

ANTHONY STEEL is a natural for stardom. I said this before, when I wrote about "The Wooden Horse," in which he has his first large film part opposite Leo Genn.

Ben Lyon and Twentieth Century-Fox think likewise. They have cast Anthony Steel for a leading role in "The Mudlark," which stars Irene Dunne as Queen Victoria.

Casting Irene Dunne for this role has led to some controversy in England, not all of it gallant, some of it narrow-minded and silly.

But there will be no argument about Anthony Steel, clean-cut, handsome, manly, with a great deal of personal charm, and known to one and all as "Tony."

For he is cast in a part he has played in real life—a Grenadier Guards officer. Only, in the film, he will play an 1870 model, sideboards and all.

Tony Steel was in the Grenadier Guards at the start of the war, then he transferred to the Parachute Regiment.

This took him around the world. He was flown for special operations to remote theatres of war, almost at a moment's notice.

All this is very far away and difficult to imagine when you see Anthony Steel, impeccably turned out in a Savile Row pin-stripe, groomed to the last hair, modest, quiet, sipping a soft drink in the serenity of the Screenwriters' Club bar. Some of the gentleness, it's true, is submerged under side-whiskers and a fierce moustache sprouting exuberantly for his period part in "The Mudlark."

It is difficult to imagine, too, that when Tony is not at his club or on the floor of a film studio, he is dancing round in tights at the Cambridge Gymnasium, where he swaps punches with redoubtable gents like Australia's heavyweight boxer, Alf Gallagher—who recently left for home—or climbing into the ring for exhibition bouts with Jimmy Toweel, from South Africa, a professional and champion.

Tony represented his regiment in boxing during the war. Now he has to spar in protective headgear.

The film industry is anxious that none of the clouts he may fail to dodge will thicken an ear or mar his greatest asset—an impeccable smile.

Entering films marks Tony Steel's own personal rehabilitation. Before he joined up he was a student at Cambridge. He had always cherished the idea of becoming an actor—partly in secret, because he got no encouragement from his family or friends.

After the war he put on a civilian suit and waded out into the wide film world flooded with unemployed but hopeful actors, where straws are comparatively solid things to clutch at, and a real raft—or, say, a walk-on part, with perhaps a line of dialogue—is fantastic success only to be dreamed about.

I suppose it was his enviable smile and an ideal film face that turned the first trick.

ANTHONY STEEL, the good-looking young man for whom astute observers predict a successful career on the screen. He has just been assigned an important role in "The Mudlark," in which Irene Dunne is scheduled to play Queen Victoria.

Tony owes his start in films indirectly to Margaret Lockwood. Margaret was objecting to the script of "Once Upon a Dream," which she couldn't see as a film. To persuade her, producer Sydney Box, of Gainsborough, got a group of young film hopefuls to play it through on the stage at Worthing.

At this time Tony had joined Worthing Repertory to get acting experience and to show the Rank Organisation his paces. He was raw and untried, but he had the willingness and intelligence to learn.

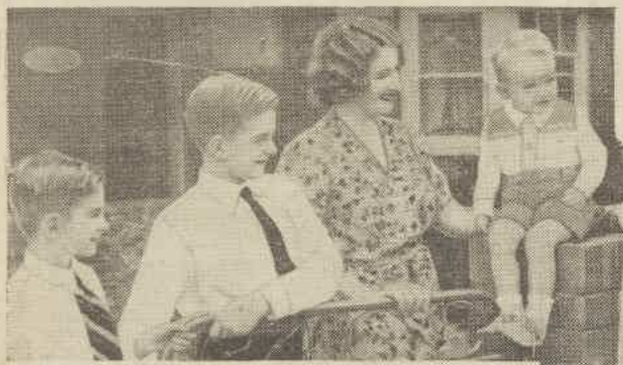
The result of that showing—before about a hundred big film people—was a contract.

Jean Negulesco, the director who made "Johnny Belinda" and "Three Came Home," has come from Hollywood to direct "The Mudlark."

This is the story of an urchin who slips past the guard at Windsor Castle during a fog, falls down a coalhole, and makes his way through a labyrinth of passages to the dining-room where Queen Victoria, still in retirement fourteen years after the death of Albert, is resisting Disraeli's persuasions to emerge into public life again.

The story was written by an American who has never been to England. He was an artillery sergeant in New Guinea when he wrote it. That was during the preparations which were then under way to invade the Philippines. His wife back home did all the research for him and mailed him the material from which he wrote the story.

"The Mudlark" gives Anthony Steel an especially big chance for a British star—an international chance—because it is sure of a big showing in America as well as a big world distribution.



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. . . and see what a boon Velvet is in my home!"

greeted Mrs. G. Boland, charming young mother of three, when Aunt Jenny visited her at her home at 37 Halley Street, Fivedock. Mrs. Boland declared that Velvet was invaluable in the house for any young housewife.

(Original letter on our files)

"Just to show you how Velvet keeps precious things, this lovely handmade blouse — a treasured gift — is over 50 years old! See how dainty it is. If Velvet can look after it like that all these years, no wonder it's the kindest soap to your hands."

"Have you really had this snowy white pillow case since your marriage?" exclaims Aunt Jenny. "Yes" replies Mrs. Boland proudly. "And these sheets, too. Velvet's proved to be really economical for me!"

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FUNNYMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS, alias crime fighter FUNNYMAN, gives young "PEANUTS" DOLAN his start as a child model. Peanuts becomes a craze, and appears on radio and films. His wonderful smile is a trademark. Peanuts' father is blind, and deeply grateful to Larry. One day Peanuts telephones Larry and asks him to come over with JUNE FARRELL.

As I Read the STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Your personal possessions, income, and expenditure are involved this week. Avoid any risky or doubtful proposals nearing May 19, and trust only those whom you know well. Strangers could lead you into financial indiscretion.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Don't let delays or disappointments on Wednesday hurry you into unwise action on Friday. Watch health, and be on your guard against hidden snags and deception generally.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): A good week to relax and complete your jobs in hand. Don't start new projects just yet. May 23 starts a cycle of new plans and ambitions, which will brighten things considerably.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Continue to enjoy yourself with others, but try to avoid indiscretions, risky ventures, and misunderstandings from May 17 to 19. The week-end tends to unexpected, interesting events.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Make the most of all business and financial opportunities during May 17 and 22. They seem your most active days in an otherwise slow week. A new phase of activity is drawing near, and this may bring some surprising developments.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Delay important change, interviews, writings, or discussions until next week. May 23 starts some new ideas, which could lead to improved conditions generally.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): A rather tricky week for romance and marriage, or where finance is concerned, especially from May 17 to 19. Surface values and your ability to judge clearly can be quite deceptive. Think deeply before you make any decision.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Use care in all personal relationships until after Friday; in fact all major activity could wisely wait until next week. A muddling and confusing element surrounds the next few days, and you are quite likely to make a blunder if you act precipitately.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Physical and working conditions may need a little care before the week-end. After this speed ahead. You enter a more active and interesting cycle from May 22, when new opportunities will come your way.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Ignore delays, depression or hurt feelings on Wednesday, and don't let extravagance upset next Friday. Choose next week for the pursuit of happiness.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): If domestic affairs make you edgy during the next three days, look to Saturday for some brighter change, and Monday for a new cycle of activity.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): A week inclined to bring muddles and interruptions. Be tactful with relatives, especially on May 19, and think carefully before making any important decisions. May 23 is a better day, which should clear up many small confusions.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ *Paisan*

THERE are moments of great tenderness and poignancy in some of the six unconnected episodes that Rossellini ties to the Allied advance in Italy in his film "Paisan."

Rejecting the artificial, Rossellini scores with realism in this picture.

The story of the negro soldier (Dots M. Johnson), whose boots are stolen by an orphan boy, in less restrained hands than Rossellini's might have degenerated into merely an interlude of sugary sentimentality. The episode of the U.S. officers billeted overnight in a monastery could have done the same thing. Both are saved by the director's fidelity and humor.

When his theme is tragic, as in the episodes showing the G.I. (Gar Moore) with the girl in Rome and the partisans in the eerie River Po marshlands, Rossellini unfolds his story with uncompromising and heartrending honesty.

Though all the actors — mostly unprofessional—are good, this is essentially a director's film. Less completely successful than "Open City," "Paisan" has much of the same gripping and wholly truthful quality.

The device of having all characters speak in their own tongue increases the film's sense of reality. Sub-titles are used when Italian or German actors are speaking.—A.B.

In Sydney—the Variety.

★★ *Miss Grant Takes Richmond*

LUCILLE BALL and Bill Holden make a neat team in Columbia's pleasant light comedy, "Miss Grant Takes Richmond."

As saucer-eyed Miss Grant, Lucille makes the best of every opportunity to display her flair for gesture, expression, and turning a flip line.

Hired as secretary to a real estate company because she seems absolutely clueless, and Mr. Richmond (Bill Holden) is really running an S.P. set-up in the back room, Miss Grant proves to be not quite dumb enough.

Promoting a low-cost housing project to the tune of half a million dollars, under the watchful eyes of the town's solid citizenry, is Miss G's brainwave, and it puts Mr. Richmond and his offsiders, McHugh and Gleason, right in the cart, coming on top of a disastrous day at the track.

The audience is treated to some good laughs as glib Richmond tries to wriggle out of both jams by planning to skim enough money from project funds to settle outstanding gambling debts.

Naturally, he has a change of heart before the finale, and that makes everyone happy excepting Janis Carter, who plays the siren of the piece.

In Sydney—the Lyceum.

★ *The Red Pony*

A SMALL boy's love for his pony is the central theme of this Republic technicolor film which is based on John Steinbeck's mellow story of life on a Californian ranch. Children will love it.

Little Peter Miles, whom we saw recently as Roseanna McCoy's spirited young brother, is charmingly sensitive as the owner of the pony, and when it dies his reactions will bring tears to the eyes of even a Scrooge.

Unfortunately, the boy-with-pet theme has been elaborated by the introduction of complex adult cross-threads. Myrna Loy and Sheppherd Strudwick, portraying the boy's parents, are miscast and ill at ease. Louis Calhern fares better as his grandfather, and Robert Mitchum is a lethargic but likeable farmhand who has a way with children and animals.

He saves the day by giving Tom another colt.

In Sydney—the Victory.

★ *Carmela*

"CARMELA" (Nazionalcine) is a full-blooded melodrama of the old school, enacted on a small Sicilian Channel island in the year 1893.

Rugged landscapes and seascapes are picturesque and very photogenic.

Although the psychological plot is banal and the continuity is often ragged, Doris Duranti, in the name part, and Pal Javor, as Italian Lieut. Carlo Salvini, manage to bring verve, freshness, and occasional brilliance to their portrayals, and get their respective personalities over nicely.

Shorn of trimmings, it's the old story about a pretty island girl who becomes mentally unbalanced after a broken love-affair with an army officer. When Carmela first sees Salvini she believes that her lost love has returned. At first puzzled by the girl's provocative behaviour, Salvini gradually becomes emotionally involved and joins with the doctor, her mother, and assorted villagers in effecting a complete cure by emotional shock.

Limited English sub-titling is a minor irritation.

In Sydney—the Savoy.

★ *Stromboli*

THE best that can be said for Rossellini's "Stromboli" is that it is a primitive and naive little film of the screen-filler class.

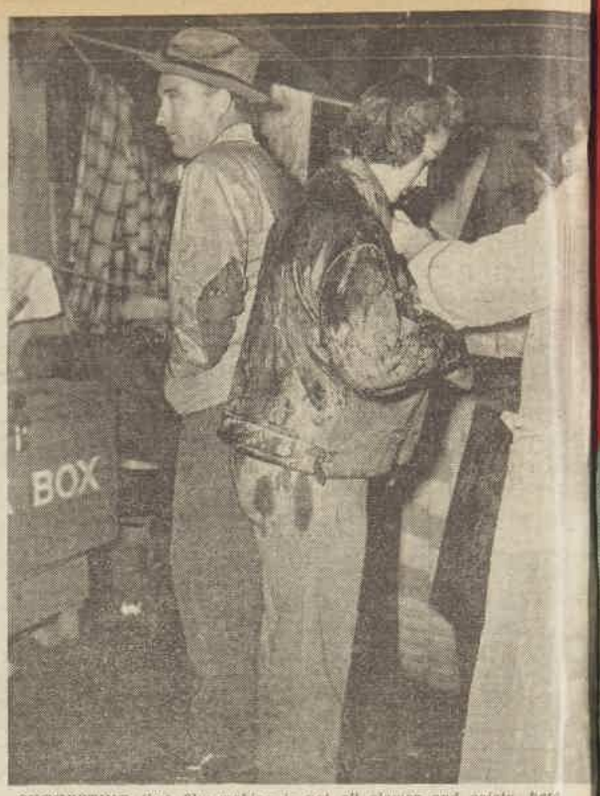
It is widely known that "Stromboli" is what might be termed a one-man show, having been produced and directed by Rossellini, who also wrote the script—a shallow affair about life among the people of a fishing village lying in the shadow of the volcano—which he has larded with emotion in a way that is neither convincing nor particularly interesting.

Even for Ingrid Bergman, who has many times demonstrated that she is an actress of emotional capacity, the job of salvaging this lightweight, ramshackle story from dullness is an uphill fight.

Two handsome Italian boys have been cast as the leading male characters, but they are obvious amateurs, and, while realism in movies is desirable, their lack of professional assurance and an adequate knowledge of English count heavily against them in this version.

Two of the film's interesting sidelights are the sequences showing fishermen hauling in their catch of fighting tuna and the eruption of lava, rocks, and cinders from the volcano, which sends the villagers flying to the boats to stand off-shore until it is over.

In Sydney—the Regent.



SUGGESTING that film-making is not all glamor and gaiety, here Bing Crosby and co-star Colleen Gray stand to be soaked to the skin for a cloudburst scene in their Paramount film "Riding High."

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

A DIMPLED darling converted into a sexy temptress in "Jet Pilot," Janet Leigh seems to have found a foster-home in the R.K.O. movie plant. She was borrowed a year ago from M.G.M., appeared in two consecutive loan-out assignments at R.K.O., and now will star in a third, "Two Tickets To Broadway." The vehicle is a top-budget musical to be filmed in technicolor.

* * *

LASSIE is through cavorting about the hills of Scotland on his missions of canine bravery. The prodigious, four-footed star's next starrer, "Shep of the Painted Hills," will have a United States setting, the first such time in his movie history. Chester Franklin, who several years ago brought another movie dog, Rin Tin Tin, to fame, will direct the Lassie picture.

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Prestige film stars

MALAYAN INTRIGUE (top left). James Stewart and Valentina Cortese join Spencer Tracy in a daring scheme to smuggle rubber off the Malayan Peninsula in M.G.M.'s romantic adventure story, "Malaya," screening here now. Lionel Barrymore, John Hodiak, and Sydney Greenstreet are also in the star cast.

AFRICAN ADVENTURE (above right). Stewart Granger and Deborah Kerr co-star in M.G.M.'s "King Solomon's Mines," which was almost completely filmed in the heart of Equatorial Africa in technicolor. The romantic adventure story is adapted from the H. Rider Haggard novel, and popular Richard Carlson plays a top role.

SAN FRANCISCO CONVENTION (left). Clark Gable and Loretta Young play the roles of two mayors who meet and fall in love while attending a Golden Gate convention in M.G.M.'s romantic comedy, "Key to the City." The film marks the first time these two favorites have appeared together for twelve years.

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1 PRISONER of Yankee Confederates, Whit Randolph (Dennis O'Keefe), thought to be spy, is revealed as U.S. Government agent on dangerous trail of stolen gun shipment meant for Juarez.

2 CONFERENCE between Texas Governor Lubbock (Grandon Rhodes), Texas Ranger Todd Croyden (John Payne), and Whit decides pair shall go to Mexico to investigate.

ACTION MELODRAMA

3 SUSPICIOUS Madeline Danzeeger (Rhonda Fleming) tells men General Liguras is being financed by Danzeeger.

The Eagle and the Hawk

THE Pine - Thomas - Paramount production is based on the Jess Arnold story, "A Mission for General Houston." It concerns the activities of the United States Government in helping the revolutionary forces of Juarez in Mexico.

Time of the plot is 1863 during the war between the States. Below the border from Texas, Napoleon III's representatives are doing the spadework to install Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico, and in order to do so are duping loyal followers of Juarez, the great Mexican patriot, into a clash with Texas.

This action film is photographed in technicolor.

4 POSING as Texas badman, Whit joins Liguras, while Todd spies on Danzeeger, who plans with Liguras to take over unprotected Texas.

5 ANGER at double-cross follows Todd's tip-off to Liguras (Thomas Gomez), who, loyal to Juarez, does not know of Danzeeger's plan to use his army to stop Americans if they try to help Juarez, nor of his partner being a French agent.

6 RECOGNISED as Ranger by henchman, Todd escapes with help of devoted Madeline, whom he later learns is Danzeeger's wife.

7 CAPTURE and threat of cruel death when he revisits Danzeeger's hacienda to secure proof demanded by the fiery General Liguras face Todd, caught setting fire to the cache of hidden arms.

8 RESCUED in last-minute bid by Whit at cost of his own life, Todd's proof results in General Liguras and Danzeeger shooting it out, thus ending this phase of intrigue.

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OFF THE SET. English actress Phyllis Calvert wraps her hand round a hefty mug of tea and chats with well-known character actress Betty-Ann Davies, her film nurse in "Happy Now I Go."

Phyllis Calvert talks of home and career

Actress invests dollar earnings in worthwhile British films

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Phyllis Calvert has worked out a nice pattern for living. Her first rule is: "Don't overwork, no matter how much more money and fame it brings you."

MANY stars, forced by contract demands into one role after another without being able to exercise a choice, have reason to envy her that rule.

All that many of them see of their families for months on end—years, sometimes—is a brief glimpse of a tousled head on a pillow as they creep out into the Denham dawn. When they come home 15 hours later their only thoughts are—1, food; 2, sleep.

So let us look at the ordered life of Phyllis Calvert and discover why she has time to realise that there exists a husband, Peter Murray-Hill (actor and collector of rare books), and a winsome daughter who has dropped the baby compound name Anne-Auriol and insists, with all the eloquence of a young lady who can now read and write, on the simple dignity of Auriol.

Under a contract with Paramount, Phyllis sails for Hollywood once a year to make a picture. She thinks they have put her in poor roles, but doesn't mind much, because the money she carts back to England from this yearly stint helps her do exactly what she wants to do.

That is to choose her own parts in films or plays.

On her last return from America she invested between £12,000 and £15,000 of her salary in a picture she believes in. It is entitled "Happy Now I Go."

"I like the film and I like my part in it. It gives me immense satisfaction to play it.

"I like the idea of doing what Celia Johnson does. Celia leads a semi-domestic life near the Chiltern Hills, sees a lot of her children and of Peter Fleming, her husband, and only emerges for a stage or film part which she thinks is really worth while.

"That is what I have done with this film. With the money saved from America I was able to bring over my own director from the Continent and, as part-backer, sit in on all production conferences. In other words, I had a say in what they wanted to make of me.

"The only trouble was, I was down for ten days with laryngitis—and when a star is down it means a production loss of about £1000 a day. That loss hurt me as much as it did Associated British, the producers."

Phyllis is one of those mettlesome girls who says precisely what she means, and with considerable spirit.

There is the story of how, by mutual agreement, she suspended her contract with Mr. Rank and set out to prove she was worth more money to him. She went to Hollywood. There they offered her a contract.

She thought, "Well, if I can get my name known in America, that will do my British films a lot of good there. The audiences will know me. The films will sell better.

"So I signed up for four months of each year with Hollywood," she says, "and after my first picture went back to England expecting to be praised for a smart move. Instead, the Rank Organisation was annoyed that I had signed with anyone else.

"In fact, Mr. Rank told some American newspapermen during a trip to New York, 'I have turned Miss Calvert's picture to the wall'!"

Since that time she has not appeared in films under the Rank banner.

The underground grapevine by which all new films are judged long before they emerge on the screens of the world is full of good reports of the new, free Phyllis Calvert. For years she has yearned not to be typed by her gentle good looks, but to be given more full-blooded and dramatic roles. This one, say those in the know, answers a lot of those prayers.

The annual trip to Hollywood, Phyllis says, is very stimulating.

"The Bank of England calls me one of its 'invisible exports'—commodities that earn dollars without being listed as manufactures," she said.

"But after this year I may go into that dreamed-of semi-retirement, just coming back for roles I believe in, and enjoying life for the rest of the time."

Which is quite a philosophy for this girl with "beer-colored hair" and "eyes to match." This is not the description of the Bank of England, nor of the Passport Office, and it was certainly not written by her publicity man.

It is her own. And I know of few others who prefer themselves described in these cheerful terms.

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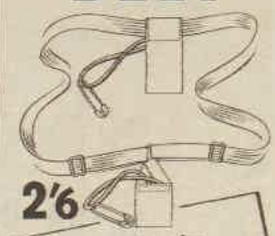

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Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

ORIENTAL styling in sleeping attire is interesting fashion news, and I am suggesting pyjamas in this tradition for a reader who wants something unusual.

Mandarin pyjamas

"COULD you please design and illustrate a pair of pyjamas suitable for rayon crepe-de-chine? I want the style a bit unusual, but nothing too difficult, as I am making them. I want them sleeveless as we really don't get cold weather up here."

Mandarin pyjamas would be very new-looking and simple to make. The design is illustrated. Piped outlines include a slit in jacket, wide, straight, slit trousers, pocket, and shoestring ties. Use a pastel shade for pyjama suit and dark tone for pipings.

Short skirts

"PLEASE help me by supplying ideas for an evening dress with a short skirt. I always love the French styles in The Australian Women's Weekly, so perhaps you might give me one to follow."

The following are three entirely different ideas for a short-skirted evening dress. All are by famous French designers. Dior trims a slim, bare-topped sheath made in oyster satin with wide bands of bead embroidery. Schiaparelli uses sapphire velvet for a short-skirted dress; the skirt is slim and narrow and finished with side dipping drapes. The bodice is cut to bare one shoulder. Robert Piguet makes an enchanting model in black tulle; the bodice is bare and moulded, the 15-inches-from-the-floor skirt dips in handkerchief points.

Two problems

"I AM having a classic tailored suit for winter and wondered if you would advise me to have it made with one of the new narrow skirts. I would also be obliged if you would tell me if a large collar would be correct for an after-five frock to be made in taffeta."

You can't go wrong with a pencil-slim skirt. I'm quite sure it's a line that is here to stay for, anyway, two or three seasons. A large collar to frame the face or to wear off the shoulders is very much in fashion. If you choose this type of collar, remember that the dress silhouette must otherwise be simple to balance the line.

Decollete suits

"COULD you please inform me if it would be smart to have a navy-and-white check light wool suit made with a lowish neckline? I am not able to have the suit made till late July, and I feel it would be best to get a design I could wear for early spring."

The "decollete suit," as it is called in America, will be one of the newest and smartest designs for spring. Have the neckline of the jacket oval-shaped and finished with a rounded self collar, plus a white pique over-collar. Have the jacket hip-length and skirt slim, slit centre front or centre back. Add a big navy chiffon handkerchief and white felt hat for springtime touches.

PYJAMAS which show Oriental influence and are simple to make.

Shirt blouse

"WHAT I want is a blouse suitable to wear with a straight skirt—not a suit blouse. Will you please suggest a new style?"

A shirt with full sleeves banded tightly just below the elbow and then finished with cuffs made for link buttons is a chic 1950 shirt suitable to wear with a slim-cut skirt.

Lower belts

"AS I am planning a new winter coat I would like you to help me out with advice. I rather like the style that has a belt at the back rather low placed, but is this a new-looking style? Would also like to know fashionable shades and types of material."

You could have nothing newer or smarter than a coat made in blanket cloth styled with an upswept collar and wide, detachable low-slung back belt. The belt draws the fullness away from a plain buttoned front, and gaves a casual, easy look. Have the sleeves roomy and finished with large, rather rakish cuffs. New colors are red, blond, navy, and all shades of grey, particularly a dark steely shade.

Coming colors

"AS I am being married next spring and am planning my trousseau, would you please advise me what colors will be in fashion?"

Navy, grey, and yellow are three important colors listed for next spring. A rosy taupe and deep violet-blue are also new, and a chic color combination is olive-green and beige.

● Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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"MYRENE."—A pretty feminine design obtainable in rayon crepe-de-chine in shades of white, pale blue, and pink, or in anglochene in sky-blue, green, pink, lemon, and white.
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"EMILY" and "KATHLEEN."—Two well-styled skirts. Both designs are obtainable in wool boucle in grey, miami-aqua, derby-tan, park-green, rose, academy-blue, or brown.
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● TO ORDER: Fashion Frocks may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 63.

"and she used to be the girl who wouldn't clean her teeth!"

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THE SKIN should be warm and glowing with color when you've finished massaging it to remove disfiguring lines. Cream taken up in the manipulation contributes to the good results.

...and massage lightly

● It is a strain on the will-power to break the frowning habit, but it's worth trying, for nothing destroys a serene brow quicker than vertical lines between the eyebrows.

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

QUICK action is needed to get rid of those concentration creases before they settle in to stay.

Regular massage with a good cream will gradually smooth out all but the most stubborn lines, provided the frowning habit is broken, and reasonable anti-glare precautions are taken.

Begin by sliding both index fingers upwards from the bridge of the nose, over the lines, and fanning them outward above the eyebrows. Three or four minutes nightly should be devoted to this routine before any additional regular massage.

Wearing triangular adhesive patches on the area at night, or while working in the garden, when the light is so strong it may cause squinting, is an extension of the idea. Draw the skin taut, then place the patch in position between the eyebrows and leave it on for as long as convenient. All night is not too long.

In the beginning custom may sabotage efforts to break the frowning habit, but if you concentrate you can make yourself aware of a frown and halt it.

Massage is one of the most useful adjuncts to modern beauty care, and the most versatile.

As a basic beauty treatment for the face, hands, and scalp, we can massage ourselves to very good effect. In this sense it reacts pleasantly on the circulation.

Wise face massage helps arrest the march of time by keeping the skin conditioned, and for this reason nobody over thirty can afford to overlook its benefits.

Facial massage, which includes the throat and chest, as circulation comes to the face via blood-vessels in the neck, should be a leisurely and rhythmic pattern of corrective movements combined with a suitable lubricating agent.

Creams that are rich in animal and vegetable oils help put back into the skin certain properties needed to keep it plump and smooth.

Bring the backs of your hands into play to stroke upward on the front of the throat to the point of the chin, using the right and left hands alternately.

Besides the smoothness accruing from the cream or oil in use, you are encouraging the upward flow of the blood.

Now comes an under-chin workout, because, next to wrinkles and a spreading hipline, there is no more depressing sight than more than one chin. With the backs of your fingers pat briskly upwards, holding the wrists loosely.

It is not necessary to beat hard—a light slap, plus the constant repetition, will do the trick.

Use the palms and flat of the fingers to stroke upward on the sides of the throat and over the jawbone on to the outer cheek. Place the right hand at the base of the throat just above the left collarbone, and the left hand on the right side, slithering the hands alternately and evenly upwards.

Close them into hard, knuckly fists to knead the skin from the point of the chin, under the jawline, and outward to the point of the jaw, just under the ears.

Use the flat of your hands to smooth and lift the inner cheek muscles, beginning at the point of the chin, and smoothing upward and outward across the cheeks to the hair line above the temples.

A V-shaped pattern is followed in this movement, and you are lifting the cheek muscles that tend to sag and make contours square and heavy-looking as you mature.

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On cold days...

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The whole-wheat grain is Nature's own storehouse of body-warming fuel . . . laid up during the sun-drenched days of summer for the cold days of winter. And WEET-BIX Whole Wheat Breakfast Biscuits bring you this natural nourishment and goodness in a particularly delicious and easily-served form! Pre-cooked with energy-rich malt . . . fortified with added Vitamin B1 . . . and crisply oven toasted . . . they only need the addition of HOT milk to make them ready for the table. Could anything be quicker . . . or better . . . for cold mornings? From grocers everywhere.

just add HOT milk and sugar

Picture cards for the kiddies now in every packet!

WEET-BIX

Vitamin fortified whole wheat breakfast biscuits

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SIMPLE FOOD, well cooked and attractively served, is the best choice for buffet service. Dishes illustrated above include club sandwiches, curried prawns in honeydew cases, cauliflower and oyster flan, vegetable chowder, and "easy to fix" pineapple. Colorful china and sparkling cutlery add to the decorative effect.

Buffet...

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

BUFFET meals lend variety to entertaining, and have some definite advantages over more formal arrangements.

This easy hospitality is particularly suitable for week-end entertaining, and many hostesses consider the buffet meal the easiest to serve, particularly if there are a larger number of guests than usual.

Invitations need not be limited to the seating capacity of the dining table, and the hostess is freer to mingle with the guests.

Color schemes should be thought out carefully, and the buffet will then look decorative—and be more stimulating to the appetite.

CAULIFLOWER AND OYSTER FLAN

Four ounces plain flour, 2oz. shortening, ¼ teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, 4 tablespoons finely grated cheese, 1 egg-yolk, 1 or 2 tablespoons water, ½ teaspoon mustard, pinch of cayenne pepper, squeeze of lemon juice, 1 cauliflower, ½ pint white sauce, 1 bottle oysters, 2 tablespoons grated cheese (for topping), 2 tablespoons browned breadcrumbs (for topping).

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, mustard, and cayenne pepper. Rub in shortening, add cheese, and mix to a dry dough with egg-yolk, lemon juice, and water. Turn on to a lightly floured board. Knead and roll thinly to fit an 8in. tart plate or sandwich tin. Pinch a frill around the edge, prick the bottom to prevent rising, and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F electric) 15 to 20 minutes.

Soak the cauliflower in cold water, then cook whole in boiling salted water until tender. Drain carefully and place in the cooked pastry case. Flavor the sauce and add the drained oysters. With this sauce completely mask the cauliflower. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and cheese, and replace in a hot oven for a few minutes to melt and brown the cheese. Garnish with parsley.

PORK AND LETTUCE FRIED RICE

Two cups of rice or rice substitute, 4 tablespoons salad oil, 1 clove of garlic, ¼lb. lean raw pork, black pepper, 3 tablespoons soya sauce, 2 eggs, 1 lettuce.

The day before dish is required, cook rice (after washing in 5 or 6 waters) in boiling salted water until tender. Strain through a colander and pour water through to remove any loose starch. When thoroughly drained, spread rice on a cooking sheet lined with a tea towel and put in a very slow oven for about 15 minutes to dry. It is most important for the success of this dish that the rice be cooked the day before—it cannot be made with freshly cooked rice.

Fry the rice just before your guests arrive, and keep hot over a saucepan of boiling water.

Heat the salad oil in a large pan, add the finely minced garlic and pork cut into small thin slices. Cook 5 minutes, add the rice, pepper, and soya sauce, and continue cooking for a further 10 minutes, turning frequently with a pancake turner or egg slice. Stir in the well beaten eggs, cook 1 minute. Remove from the heat and keep hot. Coarsely shred the lettuce, and just before serving mix with the rice. Taste for flavor. If necessary, add a little more soya sauce.

CLUB SANDWICHES

For each sandwich make 3 pieces of toast and butter them. On one slice put a piece of lettuce leaf, 2 slices of crisp bacon or tinned meat, a slice or two of tomato, spread with mayonnaise. Add a second slice of toast, then cold meat and a little mayonnaise. Top with a third slice. Cut into triangles and spear each with a toothpick.

CURRIED PRAWNS IN HONEY-DEW CASES

One pound shelled prawns, 1 tablespoon shortening, 2 tablespoons plain flour, ½ pint milk, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, squeeze of lemon juice, pinch of cayenne pepper, 3 small honeydew melons; tomato wedges, cress, or parsley.

Melt the shortening in a saucepan, add onion and cook till soft but not brown. Stir in the flour and curry powder and cook 1 minute. Add milk and stir until the mixture boils and thickens. Flavor with salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Combine with prawns and chill well. Cut the melons in halves and remove the seeds. Scoop out the pulp with a melon-ball cutter or small spoon and marinate the balls in a little French dressing. Chill the shells and when ready to serve fill with curried prawns. Arrange the marinated melon balls around the outside and garnish with tomato wedges and parsley or cress.

Continued on page 58

THE SECRET of successful baking results for Scones, Cakes and Pastries is AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.

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Every day is a good day when you drink Bourn - vita regularly. As a nightcap Bourn - vita encourages a deep, soothing sleep that sets you up for tomorrow, and as a drink during the day Bourn - vita simply chases away that tiredness and nerviness. You're able to tackle all your daily chores with zest and energy and to finish the day with a smile and a feeling of well-being.

Only natural ingredients go into Bourn - vita — barley malt, eggs, full cream milk and chocolate, and Cadbury's careful blending makes a food drink that is as delicious as it is good for you.

Bourn-vita comes in two size tins— the full one pound family size is 4/6 and the half pound 2/6. Get a tin today.

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FISH a la Portuguese is a tempting and appetising luncheon dish made from fresh fish fillets flavored with tomato, onion, and celery. The dish is oven-cooked, and fuel may be saved by cooking other dishes in the oven at the same time. See prize-winning recipe.

Sponge roll wins prize

WHEN it's your turn to take a cake for community afternoon tea, or supper, or when you feel like giving the family a treat, try this week's main prize-winner. The velvety texture and tempting flavor of the roll make it outstanding.

All spoon measurements are level.

COFFEE SPONGE ROLL

Three eggs, pinch salt, 4oz. sugar, 1oz. margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 3oz. self-raising flour.

Mocha Walnut Filling: One cup milk, 2 teaspoons coffee essence, 4 dessertspoons sugar, 3 dessertspoons cornflour, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, 2 tablespoons finely chopped walnuts.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites with salt until stiff and frothy. Gradually add sugar and continue beating until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour, then melted margarine or butter mixed with coffee essence. Grease swiss-roll tin, line base with greased paper. Fill sponge mixture into tin, tilting tin so that mixture runs evenly towards corners. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) approximately 10 minutes. Turn out on to greaseproof paper dusted with castor or sifted icing sugar. Paper must be larger than cake tin. Remove greased paper from base of sponge. Starting from the longest side roll up sponge and sugared paper together, leave until quite cold. Prepare filling.

Filling: Mix cocoa, sugar, and cornflour together; add coffee essence, then sufficient milk to mix to a smooth, thin paste. Warm balance of milk, stir in cocoa mixture; continue stirring while mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 3 minutes. Cool slightly, fold in walnuts. Allow to become cold. Unroll coffee sponge, remove paper, spread evenly with filling and re-roll. Dust with sifted icing sugar.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. B. March, 15 Glen Osmond Rd., Eastwood, S.A.

FISH FILLETS A LA PORTUGUESE

Two pounds fish fillets, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 small onion, 2 tomatoes, ¼ cup diced celery, juice of ½ lemon, ½ cup water, salt and pepper to taste, lemon wedges, parsley, few tomato slices.

Peel onion and tomatoes, slice thinly and mix with washed celery. Place a layer in bottom of greased casserole dish. Wash and skin fillets, arrange on top of vegetables. Pour lemon juice over, then cover with second layer of vegetables. Season with salt and pepper, dot with margarine or butter. Gently pour water in. Cover dish with greased paper, bake in moderate oven (350-deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 45 to 50 minutes until fish is tender. Garnish with lemon, parsley, and extra tomato slices.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss A. Rolfe, 11 Barnato Grove, Armadale, Vic.

BUFFET

Continued from page 57

VEGETABLE CHOWDER

Two tins corn, 2 cups chopped celery, ½ green pepper, 1 onion, thinly sliced, 1 cup chopped tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon salt, cayenne pepper, 2½ cups cold water, 1 tablespoon shortening, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, ½ cup grated cheese, ½ teaspoon paprika.

Place corn, celery, green pepper, onion, tomatoes, salt, and pepper in a saucepan, bring to boiling point and simmer ½ hour. Melt the shortening, stir in the flour, gradually add the milk and stir until boiling. Simmer for 5 minutes; add to vegetable mixture. Add cheese and stir until the cheese melts. Pour into a serving bowl, sprinkle with paprika, and arrange cracker biscuits around the base of the serving plate.

"EASY TO FIX" PINEAPPLE

(Prepare the day before and chill overnight.)

Wash the fresh pineapple. Using a sharp knife, cut all the way round each eye of the pineapple, commencing from the top row. Be sure to cut to the core of the pineapple, so that each piece will lift out. Continue to cut each row of pineapple, loosening each segment, but keeping the fruit whole.

Carefully insert wooden toothpicks through the centre of each cube so the guests may help themselves.

Arrange on a platter with small dishes of cream—either mock or substitute — and mounds of washed strawberries or cherries.

COFFEE sponge roll with mocha walnut filling is a delicious, velvety smooth cake. Recipe wins main prize of £5.

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We all need roughage to enjoy regular good health—but it must be roughage without roughness. SAN-BRAN, for example, is milled from the natural wheat husk to supply essential food bulk in its most gentle-acting form. Contains important mineral elements, too! Add two spoonfuls to your usual morning cereal for clearer, lovelier skin. All grocers.

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ENCHANTING arrangement of honesty, everlastings, and silver leaves in green bowl, by Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones, above. At right: Japanese tray landscape by Mrs. G. Caiger, who, before the war, received a diploma in this art from Japanese academy.

COLORFUL DISPLAY

● First international indoor gardens exhibition in Sydney, organised on behalf of the N.S.W. Adult Deaf and Dumb Society, was a spectacular success.

Hardy perennial phlox

TAKING the original wild perennial phlox in hand many years ago, plant breeders have bred up the lovely hybrids we know to-day.

By crossing the old varieties, paniculata (purple flowers) and suffruticosa (blooms white, rose, and purple), they produced the brilliant varieties we now know as summer perennial phlox, which vary in height from about 12in. to 4ft., according to soil and climate.

They usually display themselves just as the spring-flowering annuals and biennials have started to fade, and do much to perk up and carry the color pageant with their brilliant domes of fragrant bloom.

Gorgeous color combinations may be worked out with modern hardy phlox, which may be cut down to the ground level now, left to stool out for a month or six weeks, and then lifted, divided, and set out into well-manured ground.

It is not generally known that all the fleshy roots, if cut close up to the old woody stems into two-inch lengths, will produce plants that will flower the same season. These root-pieces should be planted into good-quality, fibrous soil, covered over from 1in. to 1½in. deep, and kept moist. They will soon develop eyes and throw up leafy shoots.

What to buy in the perennial phlox line often worries the novice, for the names of many of them are foreign and difficult to memorise. Take A. Danzanvilliers, for instance; it is lilac-blue, and a beauty, but, like its near-cousin Gruppenkonigin, has a name that takes remembering. The latter, by the way, is satin-rose with dark eye.

The best self-white is Mia Ruys, but Lord Kitchener is alabaster-white with a deep carmine eye. And so they go on through a list of colors or mixtures that takes up half a page in most good catalogues.—**Our Home Gardener.**

TROPICAL DISPLAY: Dramatic effect obtained by Mrs. R. Ingstone in this artistic arrangement of fruits, flowers, and foliage, in vivid colorings. Majority came from Queensland, including magnificent crotons.

RENDEZVOUS and main feature of French exhibit was a replica of a French pavement cafe in the Louvre. Tea was served at the tables. Flowers in background—lilac, roses, daffodils, and giant chrysanthemums—were deceptively realistic. These superb imitations came from France. Fresh flowers were sold at nearby kiosk by Mme. J. Thevenet.

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MODERN American penthouse garden arranged by Mrs. Orsen Nielson shows cream wrought-iron furniture with gay cushions and black wrought-iron barbecue. Red brick piazza similar to red bricks of wall fountain.

PHILIPPINES GARDEN, with Mrs. T. C. Baja, wife of Philippines Consul, in national dress. Bottles shown in centre garden bed are typical of islands, where the small children arrange them in crescents and stars, and even pave paths with them.

CLOSE-UP of the attractive wall fountain in American penthouse garden.

VIEW of the little fan shop "La Boutique Francaise des Eventails" in the French exhibit showing exquisite hand-painted fans and laces.

Building up resistance to disease

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

SEASONAL epidemics attack little children before their bodily resistance is built up, and among these diseases diphtheria is one of the most dreaded.

Health authorities stress that diphtheria could be stamped out if every child was immunised before the age of one year. Yet every year there are deaths from this disease because parents have not co-operated.

Immunisation produces a state of resistance to disease brought about by the presence of living organisms, which fight against and destroy germs that invade the body and cause diseases such as smallpox, typhoid, and diphtheria.

A leaflet giving symptoms and simple nursing treatment for the infectious fevers common in early childhood can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

DON'T fail to secure your copy of The Australian Women's Weekly superb Knitting Book for adults and children. Sixty-four pages in beautiful color and rotogravure. On sale at all newsagents and booksellers for only 1/6.

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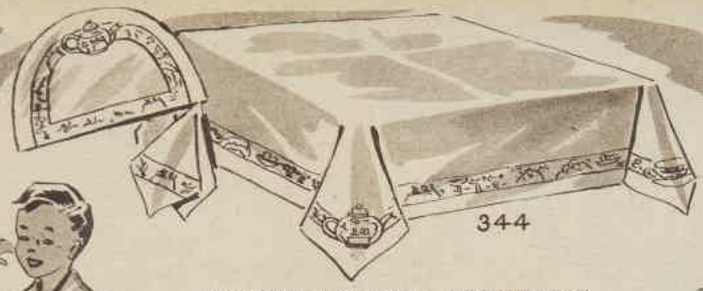

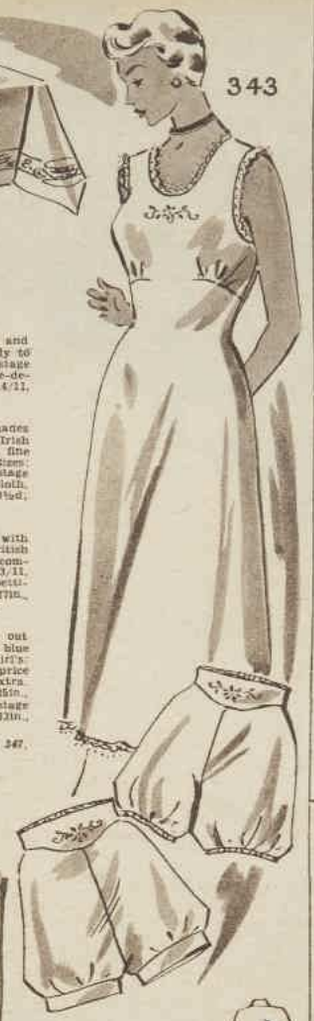

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No. 343—MATRON'S SLIP, PANTEES, AND BLOOMERS

These useful slip, pantees, and bloomers in British cream flannelette and rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale pink, and blue are cut out ready to machine. Flannelette. Sizes: 38 to 44in. bust, petticoat, 10/3, postage 1/3; pantees, 5/11, postage 6½d; bloomers, 5/11, postage 6½d. Crepe-de-chine. Sizes: 38 to 44in. bust, petticoat, 24/3, postage 1/3; pantees, 14/11, postage 1/-; bloomers, 14/11, postage 1/-.

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No. 345—LITTLE GIRL'S PETTICOAT AND PANTEES

Tucked skirt for lengthening is a feature of this pretty petticoat with pantees to match. They are cut out ready to make in cream British flannelette. Sizes: Length, 18in., 2yrs., petticoat, 3/3; pantees, 2/11; complete set, 5/11, and postage 1/-. Length, 20in., 4yrs., petticoat, 3/11, pantees, 3/3, complete set 6/11 and postage 1/3. Length 23in., 6yrs., petticoat, 4/6, pantees, 3/6, complete set, 7/6, and postage 1/6. Length, 27in., 8yrs., petticoat, 5/3, pantees, 3/9, complete set, 8/6, and postage 1/6.

Nos. 346 and 347—DRESSING-GOWNS

These dressing-gowns are warm and cosy for wintry nights. Cut out ready to make in a good quality flanelette in pastel stripes of fawn, blue and white; blue, grey, and white; and pale green, grey, and white. Girl's: Length, 28in., 2yrs., price 7/9, postage 1/- extra. Length, 31in., 3yrs., price 8/3, postage 1/3 extra. Length, 33in., 4yrs., price 8/11, postage 1/3 extra. Length, 37in., 5-6yrs., price 9/9, postage 1/6 extra. Boys': Length, 25in., 2yrs., price 7/6, postage 1/- extra. Length, 27in., 3yrs., price 7/11, postage 1/3 extra. Length, 29in., 4yrs., price 8/9, postage 1/3 extra. Length, 33in., 5-6yrs., price 9/6, postage 1/6 extra.

● *When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 343, 344, 345, 346, and 347, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.*

● *All Needlework Notions costing more than 6/11 are sent by registered post.*

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F5982.—Beginner's pattern for tailored slacks. Sizes 26 to 32in. waist. Requires 1¾yds. 54in. material. Special price, 1/3.

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F5984.—Smart one-piece dress has floating skirt panel and contrast for collar and cuffs. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¼yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

SEND your orders for Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

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